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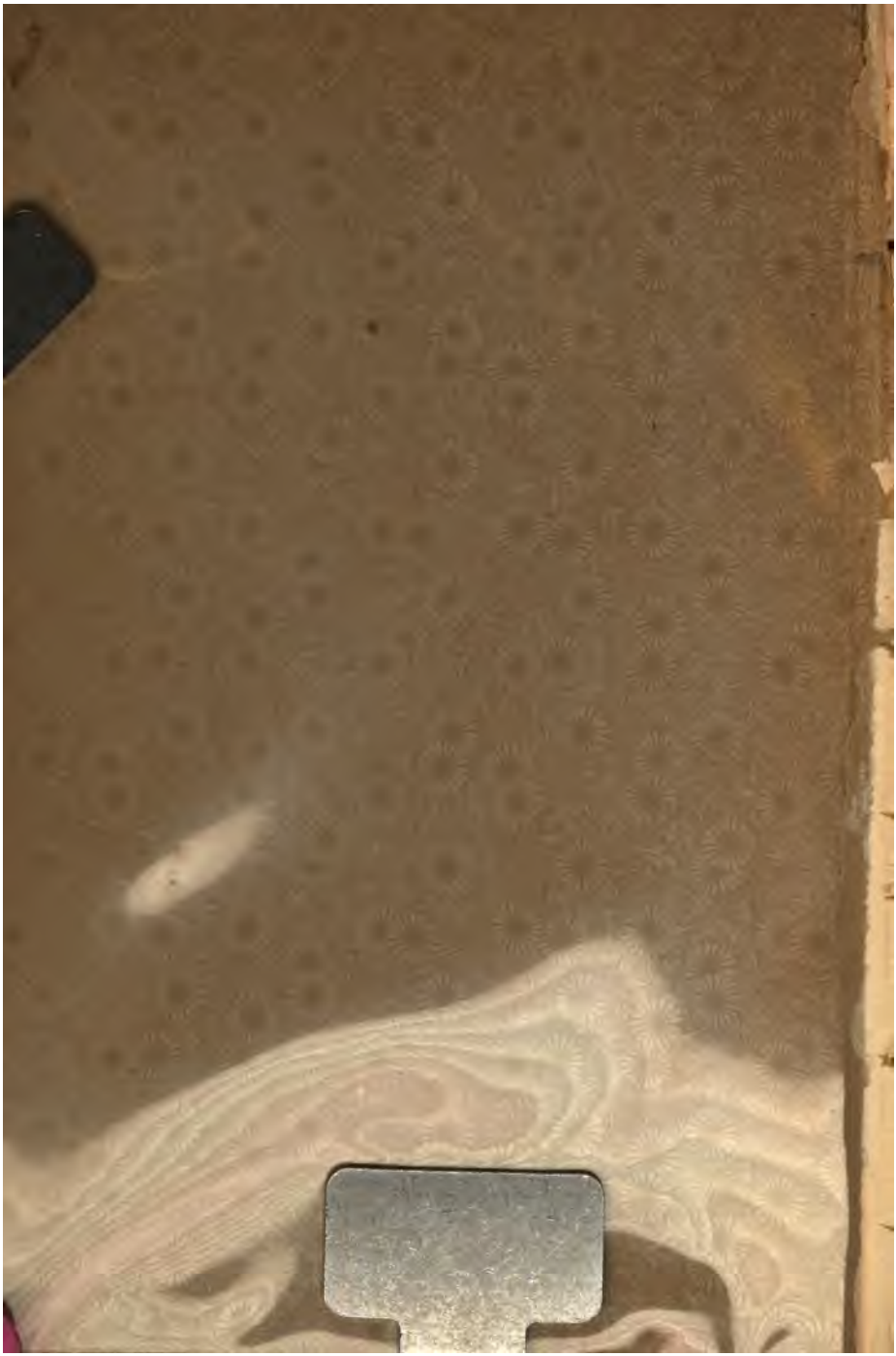

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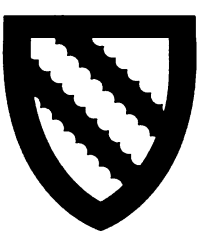

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BEING "HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED" TEN YEARS, SIX
MONTHS, THREE WEEKS, AND FOUR DAYS,
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO
MY WIFE.

PREFACE.

IF gratitude be "a lively sense of benefits to come," I am showing my gratitude to the public for their very kind reception of "How to be Happy though Married" by now presenting to them another little book with my best "manners."

It is not a book of etiquette, for I am by no means a master of ceremonies; nor does the motto of Winchester College, "Manners makyth man," refer to those social rules and forms which are often only substitutes for good manners, but rather to manners in the old sense of the word which we see in the text, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

We are several thousand years too late to say anything new

about morality, but if there be nothing new in this book, there may be some things true of which we need to be frequently reminded, and to have put before us in different lights.

Five of these papers appeared in a somewhat different form in *Chambers's Journal*, two in *The Quiver*, two in *The Queen*, two in *The Family Circle*, and one in *Household Words*.

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CHAPTER I.

GOOD MANNERS.

"Those inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners."—*Swift.*

"Manners are of more importance than laws. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply laws, or they totally destroy them."—*Burke.*

GOOD manners are nothing less than little morals. They are the shadows of virtues, if not virtues themselves. "A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts." How well it is then that no one class has a monopoly in this "finest of fine arts;" that while favourable circumstances undoubtedly do render good manners more common among persons moving in higher rather than in lower spheres, there should nevertheless be no positive hindrance to the poorest classes practising good

manners towards each other. For what is a good manner? It is the art of putting our associates at their ease. Whoever makes the fewest persons uncomfortable is the best-mannered man in the room.

Vanity, ill-nature, want of sympathy, want of sense—these are the chief sources from which bad manners spring. Nor can we imagine an incident in which a man could be at a loss as to what to say or do in company, if he were always considerate for the feelings of others, forgot himself, and did not lose his head or leave his common sense at home. Such an one may not have studied etiquette, he may be chaotic rather than "good form," as the slang expression is; and yet, because his head and heart are sound, he will speak and act as becomes a gentleman. On the other hand, a very pedant in form and bigot in ceremonies may be nothing better than the "mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat." As we can be wise without learning, so it is quite possible to be well-mannered with little or no knowledge of those rules and forms which are at best only a substitute for common sense, and which cannot be considered essential to good manners, inasmuch as they vary in every country, and even in the same country change about with the weather-cock of fashion. Vanity renders people too self-conscious to have good manners, for if we are always thinking of the impression we are making, we cannot give enough attention to the feelings and conversation of others. Without *trying* to be natural—an effort that would make us most artificial—we must be natural by forgetting self in the desire to please others. Elderly unmarried students, and those who

lead lonely lives generally, not unfrequently acquire awkward manners, the result of self-conscious sensitiveness.

Shyness was a source of misery to the late Archbishop Whately. When at Oxford, his white rough coat and white hat obtained for him the sobriquet of "The White Bear;" and his manners, according to his own account of himself, corresponded with the appellation. He was directed, by way of remedy, to copy the example of the best-mannered men he met in society; but the attempt to do this only increased his shyness. He found that he was all the while thinking of himself rather than of others; whereas thinking of others rather than of one's self is the essence of politeness. Finding that he was making no progress, he said to himself: "I have tried my very utmost, and find that I must be as awkward as a bear all my life, in spite of it. I will endeavour to think about it as little as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured." In thus endeavouring to shake off all consciousness as to manner, he says: "I succeeded beyond my expectations; for I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces; and acquired at once an easy and natural manner—careless indeed in the extreme, from its originating in a stern defiance of opinion, which I had convinced myself must be ever against me; rough and awkward, for smoothness and grace are quite out of my way, and of course tutorially pedantic; but unconscious, and therefore giving expression to that good-will towards men which I really feel; and these, I believe, are the main points."

Vanity, again, is the source of that boasting self-assertion which is the bane of manners. He is an ill-mannered man who is always loud in the praises of himself and of his children; who, boasting of his rank, of his business, of achievements in his calling, looks down upon lower orders of people; who cannot refrain from having his joke at the expense of another's character; whose smart thing must come out because he has not the gentlemanly feeling that suggests to us

> "Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow to the meanest thing that lives."

The habit of saying rude things, of running people down, springs not so much from ill-nature as from that vanity that would rather lose a friend than a joke. On this point Dr. Johnson once remarked: "Sir, a man has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing than to *act* one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." The vain egotism that disregards others is shown in various impolite ways; as, for instance, by neglect of propriety in dress, by the absence of cleanliness, or by indulging in repulsive habits. Some think themselves so well-born, so clever, or so rich, as to be above caring what others say and think of them. It is said that the ancient kings of Egypt used to commence speeches to their subjects with the formula, "By the head of Pharaoh, ye are all swine!" We need not wonder that those who take this swine-theory view of their neighbours should be careless of setting their tastes and feelings at defiance. Contrast such puppyism with the

conduct of David Ancillon, a famous Huguenot preacher, one of whose motives for studying his sermons with the greatest care was, "that it was showing too little esteem for the public to take no pains in preparation, and that a man who should appear on a ceremonial day in his night-cap and dressing-gown could not commit a greater breach of civility."

"Spite and ill-nature," it has been said, "are among the most expensive luxuries of life;" and this is true, for none of us can afford to surround himself with the host of enemies we are sure to make, if, when young, we allow ill-nature to produce in us unmannerly habits. Good manners, like good words, cost nothing, and are worth everything. What advantage, for instance, did the bookseller, on whom Dr. Johnson once called to solicit employment, get from his brutal reply: "Go buy a porter's knot and carry trunks"? The surly natures of such men prevent them from ever entertaining angels unawares.

It is want of sympathy, however, much more than a bad nature that produces the ill-mannered hardness of character so well described by Sydney Smith: "Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others. It does not proceed from malignity or carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good-humour and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops

over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoofs upon your heart. Analyze the conversation of a well-bred man who is clear of the besetting sin of hardness; it is a perpetual homage of polite good-nature. In the meantime, the gentleman on the other side of you (a highly moral and respectable man) has been crushing little sensibilities, and violating little proprieties, and overlooking little discriminations; and without violating anything which can be called a *rule*, or committing what can be denominated a *fault*, has displeased and dispirited you, from wanting that fine vision which sees little things, and that delicate touch which handles them, and that fine sympathy which this superior moral organization always bestows."

Of course we must not judge people too much by external manner, for many a man has nothing of the bear about him but his skin. Nevertheless, as we cannot expect people in general to take time to see whether we are what we seem to be, it is foolish to roll ourselves into a prickly ball on the approach of strangers. If we do so, we cannot wonder at their exclaiming, "A rough Christian!" as the dog said of the hedgehog.

It is difficult to see how the "natural-born fool"—to use an American expression—can ever hope to become well mannered, for without good sense, or rather tact, a man must continually make a fool of himself in society. Why are women as a rule better mannered than men? Because their greater sympathy and power of quicker intuition give to them finer tact. Nor is talent which knows what to do of much use, if the tact be wanting which should enable us

to see how to do it. He who has talent without tact is like the millionaire who never has a penny of ready-money about him. Dr. Smiles illustrates the difference between a man of quick tact and of no tact whatever, by an interview which he says once took place between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Behnes the sculptor. At the last sitting which Lord Palmerston gave him, Behnes opened the conversation with: "Any news, my lord, from France? How do we stand with Louis Napoleon?" The Foreign Secretary raised his eyebrows for an instant, and quietly replied: "Really, Mr. Behnes, I don't know; I have not seen the newspapers!" Behnes, with much talent, was one of the many men who entirely miss their way in life through want of tact.

A well-mannered man is courteous to all sorts and conditions of men. He is respectful to his inferiors as well as to his equals and superiors. Honouring the image of God in every man, his good manners are not reserved for the few who can pay for them, or who make themselves feared. Like the gentle summer air, his civility plays round all alike. "The love and admiration," says Canon Kingsley, "which that truly brave and loving man Sir Sydney Smith won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the one fact, that without, perhaps, having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants, and the noblemen his guests, alike, and alike courteously, considerately, cheerfully, affectionately—so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went." Certainly the working-classes of England, however

respectful they may be to those whom—often for interested reasons—they call "their betters," are far from being sufficiently polite to each other. Why should not British labourers when they meet take off their hats to each other, and courteously ask after Mrs. Hardwork and family? There is not a moment of their lives the enjoyment of which might not be enhanced by kindliness of this sort—in the workshop, in the street, or at home.

We know that extremes meet, and there is an over-civility that becomes less than civil, because it forces people to act contrary to their inclinations. Well-mannered people consult the wishes of others rather than their own. They do not proceed in a tyrannical manner to prescribe what their friends shall eat and drink, nor do they put them in the awkward position of having to answer a thousand apologies for their entertainment. When guests refuse an offered civility, we ought not to press it. When they desire to leave our house, it is really bad manners to lock the stable-door, hide their hats, and have recourse to similar artifices to prevent their doing so. As, however, this zeal of hospitality without knowledge is a good fault, and one not too common, there is perhaps no need to say more about it. It leans to virtue's side.

We must not confound etiquette with good manners, for the arbitrary rules of the former are very often absurd, and differ in various ages and countries; whereas good manners, founded as they are on common-sense, are always and everywhere the same. It would be invidious to illustrate this assertion from the society of our own country, so we shall

import a *reductio ad absurdum* of etiquette from Japan. In *The Gentle Life*, the following account is given of what used to take place at the Japanese court. "When one courtier was insulted by another, he who bore the insult turned round to the insulter, and quietly uncovering the stomach, ripped himself open. The aggressor, by an inexorable law of etiquette, was bound to follow the lead, and so the two die. The most heart-rending look ever witnessed was one given by a Japanese, who, having been insulted by an American, carried out the rule, expecting his opponent to follow suit. But the Yankee would do nothing of the sort; and the Japanese expired in agonies—not from the torture of his wound, but from being a sacrifice to so foolish and underbred a fellow—whilst the American looked at him in a maze of wonder." If it were not so sad, we might laugh at such accounts of self-torture, as well as at people of our own acquaintance who, worshipping conventionality, are ever on the rack about "the right thing to do," about "good form."

But this sort of folly should not blind us to the value of good manners as distinguished from etiquette.

> "Manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of noble nature and of loyal mind."

Were it not for the oil of civility, how could the wheels of society continue to work? Money, talent, rank—these are keys that turn some locks; but kindness or a sympathetic manner is a master-key that can open all. If "virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner," how great must be the power of winning manners, such as steer between

bluntness and plain-dealing, between giving merited praise and flattery.

Men succeed in their professions quite as much by complaisance and kindliness of manner as by talent. Demosthenes, in giving his well-known advice to an orator—that eloquence consisted in three things, the first "action," the second "action," and the third "action"—is supposed to have intended manner only. A telling preacher in his opening remarks gains the good-will of his hearers, and makes them feel both that he has something to say and that he can say it—by his manner. The successful medical man on entering a sick-room inspires into his patients belief in himself, and that hope which is so favourable to longevity—by his manner. Considering that jurymen are scarcely personifications of pure reason unmixed with passion or prejudice, a barrister cannot afford to neglect manner if he would bring twelve men one after another to his way of thinking. Again, has the business man any stock-in-trade that pays him better than a good address? And as regards the "survival of the fittest" in tournaments for a lady's hand, is it not a "natural selection" when the old motto "Manners makyth man" decides the contest? At least Wilkes, the best-mannered but ugliest man of his day, thought so. "I am," he said, "the ugliest man in the three kingdoms; but if you give me a quarter of an hour's start, I will gain the love of any woman before the handsomest."

If kindliness of disposition be the essence of good manners, our subject is seen at once to shade off into the great one of Christianity itself. It is the heart that makes

both the true gentleman and the great theologian. The Apostle Paul (see speech delivered on Mars' Hill) always endeavoured to conciliate his audience when he commenced addressing them. And his letters, as well as those of his fellow-apostles, are full of sympathy and consideration for every one's feelings, because he had learned from Him whose sympathy extended to even the greatest of sinners.

Rather more than fifty years ago there was a lawsuit in which Trinity College, Dublin, was concerned. On this occasion, Rev. John Barrett, senior fellow, familiarly styled "Jacky Barrett," was lugged out of his sanctum, from which he very rarely stirred, to give evidence against the assailant of his loved and cherished establishment. Sir Jonah, who cross-examined him, gives this account of his defeat by the little kiln-dried sage:

"I examined the most learned of the whole University, Dr. Barrett, a little greasy, shabby, croaking, round-faced vice-provost. He knew nothing on earth save books and guineas, never went out, and held but little intercourse with mankind. I worked at him unsuccessfully more than an hour; not one decisive sentence could I get him to pronounce. At length he grew quite tired of me, and I thought to conciliate him by telling him that his father had christened me. 'Indeed!' exclaimed he. 'Oh, I did not know you were a Christian.' At this unexpected repartee the laugh was so strong against me that I found myself muzzled."

To some highly "respectable" and even baptized persons one is tempted to say, on hearing them make religious professions which they never put into practice—"Oh, I did not know you were a Christian."

CHAPTER II.

"GOD ALMIGHTY'S GENTLEMEN."

"Every one may arrive at true nobility by the ways of virtue and goodness."—*William Penn.*

"Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Prive and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,
And take him for the gretest gentilman."—*Chaucer.*

"What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello."—*Pope.*

THE grand old name of "gentleman" is now so "soiled with all ignoble use," that one prefers to call himself simply "man" rather than "gentleman." And yet were a distinction drawn on proper grounds between *gentle*men and *roughs*, we should all desire to belong to the former class. To ask what is the difference between God Al-

mighty's gentlemen and society's gentlemen is very much the same as asking what is the difference between a real and a nominal Christian.

We read that the fact of our Lord's humble birth and trade offended—that is, was a difficulty to—those who listened to His words of wisdom, and saw the mighty works which were wrought by His hands. "From whence," they asked, "hath this Man these things? and what wisdom is this which is given unto Him, that even such mighty works are wrought by His hands? Is not this the Carpenter, the Son of Mary, the brother of James, and Joses, and of Juda, and Simon? and are not His sisters here with us? And they were offended at Him." But, instead of being offended, all who love and sympathize with their fellow-creatures ought to be truly thankful that our Saviour was only "the Carpenter," for Christ's early trade has consoled, and for ever shall console, the estate of poverty. It has caused work, even the humblest, to be looked upon by all earnest, good men not as a disgrace, but as a sacred duty; and, more than this, it has elevated our entire conception of manhood by itself, without rank and wealth, as something grand and noble in the sight of God. All who love their Saviour, and remember that He had no higher social position than that of a carpenter, must say with our Poet Laureate—

> "Howe'er it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good;
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

Christ chose poverty—a condition in which the vast majority of His brothers and sisters live—in order that the rich should no longer despise the poor, and that a man's worth should be estimated by his character, and not by the amount of money he may possess.

There has ever been a tendency to regard idleness as the stamp of aristocracy. The old Greeks and Romans used to delegate all manual labour to slaves. The Jews, too, though each boy was taught a trade, despised labour, if the labourer were ignorant and unlearned; and, even now, to be a "walking gentleman," as it is called, is too often considered as a desirable condition of life. But our Lord wished to show that labour is a pure and noble thing, saving the body from effeminate languor and the soul from unhealthy, polluting thoughts; therefore He worked as a carpenter, and, by doing so, has sanctioned and ennobled all honest work. A true Christian cannot now say, "I am above doing any work," even the humblest, for his Saviour was not. He who works with his head cannot now despise the manual labourer. And what shall we say of him who consumes much and produces little—who does not help the world in any way, but is only a burden to it? Shall we now say, the idler a man is, the greater gentleman he is? or shall not Christians say, "Our Master worked with His hands, and therefore idlers are no followers of Him"?

The world hardly attaches significance to any life except those of its heroes and benefactors, its mighty intellects, its conquerors, or its millionaires. But these must always be the few. Most of us lead an insignificant, plodding, un-

romantic life, with very little in it to excite, and much poverty and humiliation to embitter it. What a blessed fact, then, is it for us that our Saviour did not come on earth as a rich, honoured man, but as a poor and despised one! The poor may now hear Him gladly, as they did when He taught them in person, for He took upon Him the condition of the many and not that of the few. He was only a poor labourer, "the Carpenter." From this we were meant to learn that our condition before God consists in our inner and not in our outer life—that God does not value a man for his money, for his profession, or for the titles and alphabet of letters he attaches to his name as advertisements of respectability. How different from God's is our estimate of our fellow-creatures! He values us for what we *are*, while we value ourselves and others for what we *have*. We talk of a man being "worth" so much a year, and dare to estimate men and women, for whom the Lord of Glory came down to die, only by the size of their houses, the number of their servants, and such-like accidental outward circumstances.

There is a story told of a Persian prince which well illustrates such worldliness. Dressed as a poor man, this prince went to a feast. He was pushed here and there, could not get to the table, and had soon to withdraw. On going home, he dressed himself in his best, placing jewelled slippers on his feet, and putting on a cloth-of-gold cloak. Then he returned to the feast, where matters were immediately altered. The guests made room, and the host, rushing up, cried, "Welcome, my lord! What will your

lordship please to eat?" The prince's answer was very expressive. Stretching out his foot, so that his slipper sparkled and glittered, he took his golden robe in his hand, and said with bitter irony, "Welcome, my lord coat! welcome, most excellent robe! What will your lordship please to eat? For," said he, turning to his surprised host, "I ought to ask my coat what it will eat, since the welcome was solely to it."

Then you hear people apologizing for their business, and saying that they were the first of the family who ever had to do anything, or ever were in trade; as if they should be ashamed of any honest work, and should not be far more ashamed to confess that their forefathers were idle do-nothings, who only lived for themselves. The man who "knows his grandfathers" and the man who does not, only differ in this, that one knows that many of them deserved to be hanged, while the other remains in blissful ignorance of the probable fact. To a British snob an American said, "Sir, my family began where yours ended."

As another instance of this spirit, consider in what an arbitrary way we give or withhold the title of "gentleman," giving it to those who are well off, as far, at least, as money is concerned, though they may have every vice, and may be quite the reverse of gentle; and refusing it to many truly gentle ones because they have little treasure on earth. The duties of a gentleman have been well summed up in a few questions by a popular writer. "What is it to be a gentleman?" he says. "Is it to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise; and, possessing all these

qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner? Ought a gentleman to be a good son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought his life to be decent, his bills paid, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life to be noble? Yes, he should be all these, and somewhat more; and these all men can be, and women, too." Thus it is that a true Christian is a true gentleman, and none other. Every British workman, however poor, might be a gentleman, if he would live soberly and respect himself, for "the first true Gentleman that ever breathed" was only "the Carpenter."

"The best of men
That e'er wore earth about Him was a Sufferer;
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true Gentleman that ever breathed."

The church of Christ has been too backward in proclaiming the equality of all men and women who have an equal measure of Christ's Spirit. Yet those who refuse to call all Christ's brothers and sisters equal who have equal moral worth, though they may honour their Saviour with their lips, deny Him in His brethren. So long as we do this, that mind is not in us which was in Christ Jesus, "who, being in the form of God, made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant."

"Oh! let us keep our proper stations,
Bless the squire and his relations;
Be thankful for our daily rations,
And humbly fill our occupations!"

The duty of striving after such a standard of perfection as

this has been preached rather more than enough to the poor, but the Bible tells the rich that they too have occupations, and that they must humbly fill them.

Our Lord laid down emphatically that in His kingdom men were to be esteemed worthy not in proportion to their wealth or hereditary rank, but in proportion to their capacity to serve. "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister." Those whom the Gospel would have humble and meek are the rich, and great, and strong. The strong are to bear the infirmities of the weak, and the meek are to inherit the earth. "All of you be subject one to another."

The fact that the schoolmaster is abroad, that a newspaper can be bought for one penny, that railways carry artizans cheaply to the best market for their labour, that numbers of men are now brought together to work socially under the same roof—these things are fast rendering antiquated the old theory of dependence and protection—the theory that the lot of the poor should be regulated *for* them and not *by* them; that the rich should be in *loco parentis* to the poor, guiding and restraining them like children. Now since we cannot, even if we would, prevent the labouring classes from becoming independent, ought we not to show them how to Christianize their independence? We should say to them: You are quite right in thinking that God is no respecter of persons. We Christians sympathize with your endeavours to acquire the virtues of freemen; but take care that while freeing yourselves from other masters you do not become the slaves of your lower selves. To prevent this you must

become His servants whose service is perfect freedom. He in whom there is neither bond nor free, He who, when on earth, was called "the Carpenter," has a message for the working classes, which if they will accept they shall be free indeed.

Neither the possession of a vote by the poor nor the fashionable philanthropy of the rich can regenerate society. Nothing but true Christianity can raise the characters of the poor and humble the pride of the rich, so that both ends of society may enjoy Christian liberty, which is just the reverse of atheistical licence. Only Christ Himself can bring about equality and fraternity between different classes. Without His Spirit guiding men, how could there be such a thing as equality? for he would take who had the power, and he would keep who could. Christ is the only foundation for true brotherhood. Nothing can bridge over the chasm which unhappily separates class from class except mutual forbearance and self-sacrifice; in other words, a realization of "the Carpenter's" spirit.

There will always be class distinctions, for this simple reason, that ability, perseverance, and good character must make people to differ; but the name of gentleman or lady may be deserved by every individual. Because manners spring from the heart, we find boors among princes, and that fine feeling and consideration for others which constitute good breeding among horny-handed sons and daughters of toil. The "lower orders," properly speaking, are the bad, and their "betters" the good and wise. Certainly, the Saviour of men, who was Himself only "the Carpenter,"

never once spoke of any of His brothers and sisters as "common people." This we too often forget, and there are mean flatterers who call the merely rich "their betters" for the sake of gain, while the phrase "lower orders" is much used by persons whose clothes are better than their Christianity.

But though all men might be and should be gentlemen, there are but too many who do not deserve the title. These are they who forget that every title and position has its responsibilities. "We must be gentle, now we are gentlemen." The man who aims at becoming one of God's own gentlemen must free himself from certain sadly common sins. Now it must be confessed by working people's true friends —that is, by those who do not flatter them—that as long as they tolerate and make light of the sin of drunkenness, no real gentility belongs to them as a class.

It is a painful fact, that fifty years ago, those who were called "gentlemen" felt no shame at leaving dinner-parties in a disgusting state of intoxication. Nay, they were even proud of the very ignoble distinction, as it seems to us now, of being "three-bottle men." Then men of the middle and upper classes who in any degree resisted the "Devil in solution" were laughed at for their sobriety. The "argument of a grin" was on the side of drunkenness amongst fox-hunting squires. Now all this is changed, and if a gentleman were to exceed at a dinner-party, his presence would not be desired at another. When will working people as a class do what the best of them do—despise and ridicule, not their sober, but their drunken companions? When will

the public opinion of artizans be firmly opposed to that dreary and deadly habit of spending two days out of seven in a public-house? Let British workmen and workwomen "cut" those of their associates who disgrace their calling; let them speak of those as "sots," and the reverse of gentlemen who stand for hours drinking away their honour, reputation, and money, in glasses of "wet damnation," more costly than the wine in which Cleopatra dissolved her pearls. Let them talk of the sin of intemperance sternly, and not as if it were an innocent pastime, calling it "a bend," "a spree," "a wet," and such demoralizing pet names.

When, but only when, the working classes change their sentiments in this matter, each one of them may, by the grace of Almighty God, become His gentleman. And is it not the high calling of British workwomen to endeavour, by their example, *management*, and loving-kindness, to mould sober *gentle*men out of drunken *roughs*?

> "Oh, woman! lovely woman! nature made thee
> To temper men; we had been brutes without you.
> Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
> There's in you all that we believe of heaven—
> Amazing brightness, purity, and truth
> Eternal joy, and everlasting love."

CHAPTER III.

WANTED—A MAN!

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three alone lead man to sovereign power."—*Tennyson.*

"Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem, and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man."—*Jeremiah.*

WHAT was so hard to find in Jerusalem three thousand years ago (Jeremiah v. 1) is not much more common now, even amongst the five million inhabitants of London. The philosopher, Diogenes, sought with a lantern at noontide in ancient Athens for a perfectly honest man, and sought in vain. In the market-place he once cried aloud, "Hear me, O men!" and when a crowd collected round him, he said, scornfully, "I called for men, not pigmies." The fact is that while human creatures are plentiful, men—real true men—are very few. It is difficult

to get men with proper physical development for the army. Boys and hobbledehoys can be got, but there is a scarcity of men. How much more difficult is it to find men with moral measurements such as fit them for God's service in the war against sin!

What is it that makes a man? It is not mere largeness of body, nor even athletic proficiency, for some of the greatest soldiers have been little men. Napoleon, Wellington, and the hero of Khartoum, were great in spirit, but not in body. What are called "manly sports" do much good in training our bodies, but many of the greatest men have been no good at athletics. A man may be weak in body, as was St. Paul, but he may be very strong in conscience, heart, mind, soul, and will. On the other hand, a very Hercules in bodily development is not a man at all, if these, the highest qualities of man's nature, be left out of his composition.

What is a man without a conscience? A brute—nay, lower than that, for even a respectable horse and dog know when they have done wrong, and have the grace to be sorry for it. The dog's master can read that much in his sad eyes and penitent tail. Wanted, a MAN who will honestly obey the dictates of his conscience.

> "Man is his own star, and that soul that can
> Be honest is the only perfect man."

Again, when the heart or affections have died out, a good part of the man is gone. You cannot call him a man who has no feeling for others, and who heeds not what sorrow he causes, so long as he can gratify his desires. He who

in this way hardens all within himself and petrifies his feelings is no longer a man. How different it is with him who leads a Christian life! His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure. He is the highest style of man.

Sometimes one meets with a man of gigantic bodily proportions, and we look up to him with admiration. Such a fine man! But no, after talking to him a little our opinion quite changes. His talk is childish, for he has never cultivated any of the powers of his mind, and we say to ourselves in disappointment—"Wanted, a man!"

Worse still are soulless beings, who have the form of men but not the reality—because they have lost their souls. The soul is like a curious chamber with elastic walls, that can be expanded, with God as its guest, almost to infinity, but which without God shrinks and shrivels until every vestige of the Divine is gone. One cannot call him a man, however muscular he may be, from whom every vestige of the image of God in which he was made has been obliterated by neglect or abuse.

He is a man who has a will to do and a soul to dare, however insignificant the measurements of his body. Shakespeare represents one of his characters saying to his body on the morning of a battle—

> "Thou tremblest, my poor body,
> But if thou knewest where I will bring you this day,
> Thou wouldst tremble much more."

Was not that a man, because his spirit was willing, though his flesh and nerves were weak?

A true man has enough strength of will to possess or keep a mastery over his body, with all its desires and passions. Knowing that the body is a very good servant but a very bad master, he keeps it under and brings it into subjection. He trains his passions to be controlled like a well-trained spaniel. He has that self-reverence and self-restraint which lead men to sovereign power. He is able to say "No" to temptation, and therefore he is a MAN, the highest and noblest of God's creatures. What a glorious epitaph that was which was once placed on the stone above a soldier's grave—

> "Here lies a soldier whom all must applaud,
> Who fought many battles, at home and abroad;
> But the hottest engagement he ever was in,
> Was the conquest of self in the battle of sin."

Whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, and the future predominate over the passing interests of the present, advances us in the dignity of human beings.

"I knew," says Gough, the Temperance orator, "a man who said he would give up chewing tobacco. He took his plug of tobacco out of his pocket and threw it away, and said, 'That is the end of my job.' But it was the beginning. How he did want it! He chewed gentian and chewed chamomile flowers, and chewed anything to keep his jaws going. Nothing satisfied him. He said the very tip of his tongue clamoured for the stimulant. He said, 'I will go and get another. I will buy another plug, and when I want it awfully then I'll take a little.' And he did

want it awfully; and he took his knife and piece of tobacco, and then he said he thought it was God's Spirit striving with him. He held it in his hand, and said, 'I love you, and I want you. Are you my master, or am I yours? That is a question I am going to settle. You are a weed and I am a man. You are a fiend and I am a man. You black devil, I will master you if I die for it. It never shall be said of me again—There is a *man* mastered by a *thing*. I want you, but I will fight against you to the last.' It was six months before he got rid of the craving; but he fought the battle and won, because he was a man."

In judging our neighbours, what's done we partly may compute, but know not what's resisted. As much grace as would make John a saint would hardly keep Peter from knocking a man down. Robert Collyer said, "I heard a man say that for twenty-eight years the soul within him had to stand like an unsleeping sentinel, guarding his appetite for strong drink." That was a man, because he battled against his besetting sin. In the story of "Romola," George Eliot draws the picture of a man, good, generous, handsome, with all the appliances and means of doing good, who, "because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing so much as his own safety, came at last to commit some of the basest deeds such as make men infamous."

This slipping away from everything unpleasant, and only caring for present ease and enjoyment, is the characteristic of those who are wanting in manhood, and who fail to come up to the measure of the stature of the perfect Man, Jesus

Christ. The test of manhood is ability to deny one's self in the present for the sake of the future, in the seen for the sake of the unseen.

Oh! that we could fight our battle of life and slay our spiritual enemies with the patience, determination and self-denying resolution exhibited by those of Gideon's army who, when God tried their manhood at the water-edge, were not found wanting! On they went, in pursuit of their vanquished foes, and when they passed over Jordan, with Gideon at their head, they are described as "faint yet pursuing."

No higher praise could be given to any man or woman than this—"faint yet pursuing." It is easy for the strong and the unwearied to pursue; but when our resolutions have failed over and over again—when we are wounded almost to death by the fiery darts of temptation—if then we pursue and do not give up, we shall receive from God the praise, "Well done, good and faithful servant; you have done what you could."

How many are faint and weary in the battle of life! Some have the temptations of poverty to endure, others have the no less temptations of riches. This man hates his profession or business; the domestic surroundings of this woman are by no means what she likes. All are disappointed, and to some life itself seems scarcely worth living. This being the case, what will they do? Will they—when God is trying their manhood and womanhood—will they yield to selfishness and indolence, as did the nine thousand and seven hundred of Gideon's army, who lay down like beast by the waterside, or will they—under the leadership of

their Captain, Christ—continue to pursue, though faint, the enemies of their soul? What are wanted is not "little wee bit mannikins," but men. When General Garfield was asked, as a young boy, "what he meant to be," he answered: "First of all I must make myself a man; if I do not succeed in that, I can succeed in nothing." "Before I go any further," says Frank Osbaldistone, in "Rob Roy," "I must know who you are." "I am a man," is the answer, "and my purpose is friendly." "A man," he replied; "that is a brief description." "It will serve," answered Rob Roy, "for one who has no other to give. He that is without name, without friends, without coin, without country, is still at least a man; and he that has all these is no more."

It has been beautifully said that the true Shechinah is man—man made in God's image with far-reaching intellect, noble heart, eternal being.

> "Mind that looks before and after,
> Seeking for its home above,
> Human tears and human laughter,
> And the depth of human love."

The Jews would not tread on the smallest bit of paper, for, said they, it may have written on it the name of God. We could honour all men and would never lose our own self-respect if we refused to dishonour the lowest who has any of Christ's image in him.

Wanted, a man "who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a strong will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or of art, to

hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself." If we would "mark the perfect man and behold the upright," we must look at Jesus. He is our example of perfect manhood, and the nearer we live to Him the more manly we shall be. Would you be a man?

"Take thou no thought for aught but truth and right,
Content, if such thy fate, to die obscure;
Youth fails and honours; fame may not endure
And loftier souls soon weary of delight.
Keep innocence; be all a true man ought,
Let neither pleasure tempt nor pain appal;
Who hath this, he hath all things having naught;
Who hath it not, hath nothing having all."

CHAPTER IV.

WOMAN'S WORK—TO PLEASE.

"Skilled in every art
That ennobles and uplifts
And delights the heart
Fair on earth shall be thy fame
As thy face is fair."—*Longfellow.*

"Blessed with that charm, the certainty to please."—*Rogers.*

SWEETNESS is to woman what sugar is to fruit. It is her first business to be happy—a sunbeam in the house, making others happy. True, she will often have "a tear in her eye," but, like the bride of young Lochinvar, it must be accompanied with "a smile on her lips."

Girls and women are willing enough to be agreeable to

men if they do not happen to stand to them in the relation of father, brother, or husband; but it is not every woman who remembers that her *raison d'être* is to give out pleasure to all as a fire gives out heat.

A woman's smile has been the making of many a man. "You smiled upon me," says Petrarch, "and I thought it was spring, and my heart put forth the flowers of hope." "Why don't you laugh, mother?" said a little three-year-old daughter, as her mother, with clouded countenance, was dressing the little one. The earnest tone of the child provoked the wished-for laugh, and the little heart was happy. The cheery laugh of a mother goes down through generations, as well as her frown. And when the mother's eyes are closed, and lips and hands for ever still, she can have no nobler epitaph than one which may be seen in a certain churchyard on a plain marble stone:

"She always made home happy."

Nursing the sick is pre-eminently woman's work, and even more than children are sick people pleased by a cheerful face. It is nearly as good for them as healthy weather.

How can we better make others happy than by being cheerful and happy ourselves? The happy are those who bestow happiness. It is said that a certain commander-in-chief invariably inquired whether he was a happy man when a new general was proposed to him. Is she happy?—*i.e.*, is she open-hearted, unsophisticated, good-tempered—is she sympathetic, humble-minded, grateful—is she self-forgetful? What can women do? Say rather what can they be?

"Birds by being glad their Maker bless,
By simply shining sun and star;
And we, whose law is love, serve less
By what we do than what we are."

If woman's mission in life is to please, she ought to be unlike the wife of the artist Durer, whose father once asked her quite gravely to laugh, so that he might see his daughter lively for once—were it only in appearance. Rather let her try to resemble little Miss Laugh, and to be as different as possible from little Miss Fret.

"Cries little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet:
'I hate this warm weather; it's horrid to tan.
It scorches my nose,
And it blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan.'

Chirps little Miss Laugh:
'Why, I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright summer day.
I sing through the hours,
I cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen on the sweet-smelling hay.'"

The following is related of the late Czarina, wife of the Czar of Russia. While visiting the Smolnoje Institute for Girls, some years ago, the Empress, during the examination of the pupils, suddenly asked, "What is love?" The young ladies became greatly confused, and were silent. Madame Leontieff, the directress, begged leave to state to Her Majesty that all knowledge of this dangerous subject was prohibited by her, and that, in all probability, the pupils did not even know the meaning of the word. The Czarina frowned.

"So far from being a dangerous subject, Madame," she said, "love should be the pure mainspring of a woman's life: first, love for her parents; then, love for her husband; lastly, love for her children; and love for God always." This love will suggest to a true woman, every day and every hour, some way of lessening the world's misery. She will have always before her eyes two heaps—one of human happiness, and one of misery, and her continual effort will be to take even the smallest bit from the second heap and add to the first. She does not neglect little means of giving pleasure because she cannot do great things. She has learned the art of doing little kindnesses in the kindest manner.

Most women desire to please, but many of them set about making themselves attractive in a wrong way. Dress alone will not do it, and no cosmetic beautifies the face as much as an unselfish temper. "Woman's fineness," says Jeremy Taylor, "is sweetness of manners." It is narrated of the great sculptor Michael Angelo, that when at work he wore over his forehead, fastened to his artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order that no shadow of himself might fall on his work. It was a beautiful habit, and one that taught an eloquent lesson, for the shadows that fall on our work—how often they fall from ourselves! We must forget either ourselves or others, and, as the selfish prefer the latter alternative, if they give pleasure at all it is only by accident.

Music and other accomplishments are learned as means of pleasing, but it may be doubted whether anything makes a woman so agreeable as a well-cultivated mind. Without being either a prig or a blue-stocking, she should take an interest

in the questions of the day, read the best books, and in every way fit herself for giving intellectual pleasure. Women who have not allowed their brains to die for want of use may rather terrify empty-headed men, but they have their reward in knowing that the thoughtful and educated can talk to them as to equals, and are not obliged to talk down to them. Intellectual resources enable women to be bright and winsome companions in the home circle when the beauty of youth is faded.

Charity, which means "giving such things as we have," not only money, food, and clothing, but, what women are especially capable of giving, sympathy, forbearance, patience, and kindness—this charity should begin at home, but it should not end there. Women's desire to give pleasure is now suggesting to them all kinds of ingenious plans for bringing brightness into the homes of the dim millions. Feeling that it is their mission to add in some degree to the happiness of the world, and to diminish its misery, conscientious women are now trying to use the talent of pleasing which God has given, not selfishly, to please those who can repay, but to please those who have nothing, in some cases not even gratitude, to give in return. What a woman should try to form is the habit of pleasing every one without interested motives—the servants in her house as well as visitors, the poor as well as the rich. To consider the troubles of those around her, and to try to alleviate them; to allow servants opportunities for fresh air and exercise, recreation, and self-improvement; to minister, as far as she can, to the sick and sorrowful; to be neighbourly, in the widest sense of the word,

to those among whom she dwells, yet not to neglect her home or her social relations; to cultivate her mind and any gifts she may possess—all these duties take time and energy; but when rightly performed they are the glory of womanhood.

"Do not make yourselves disagreeable in little things." This advice, which was given by the President of a late Church Congress, ought to be taken to heart by woman, for as the corruption of the best becomes the worst, so she who by nature is especially adapted to please may become intensely disagreeable if she pervert her talent. If her dress be untidy; if there be not scrupulous regard to personal cleanliness; if her manner be brusque or her temper sulky; if she cannot read aloud distinctly; if her voice be loud, and she can talk of nothing but spiteful gossip or the delinquencies of servants; if she be incapable of sympathizing with the serious pursuits of father, brother, or husband—of such a woman it can scarcely be said that she is "blest with that charm, the certainty to please." "Please the eyes and ears, and you will win the heart," but the woman we have been speaking about does neither.

Beauty and accomplishments, says Chesterfield, ought never to be depreciated, especially by those who have them not, but they cannot give as much pleasure as unselfishness, good temper, patience, and sympathy. A Christian character is an ornament and an accomplishment, without which a woman cannot please for a long time and in the highest sense of the word. Speaking of a governess for his children, George III. said of a certain Mrs. Campbell, whose character was highly recommended, but who was said not to have quite

enough accomplishments: "We can afford to buy accomplishments, but we cannot purchase principles." The kind greeting, the message of love, the quick glance of sympathy, the courtesies of the fireside, the charity which thinketh no evil, and doth not behave itself unseemly—these things make a woman "charming." They are the richest fruit of that piety which, beginning at home, extends its happy influence to all sorts and conditions of men.

"It was only a glad 'good morning'
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day."

In saying that a talent to please is woman's best talent which should be conscientiously cultivated, we do not mean that she should be merely good-natured. We are well aware that to be weakly good-natured is to be good-for-nothing. A woman will fall into serious error or sin if she allow herself, for the sake of pleasing, to yield indiscriminately to requests without duly considering if it be just to herself and to others to grant them. A sense of the due proportion of things is difficult to acquire, but is most important. The truly kind person must be prepared on occasion to say "No," and to say it decidedly.

When a girl is called "jolly," and liked by fast men, it is the worst compliment they can pay her. The more haste the less speed, for fastness which wins low popularity will never win a husband worth having. Of course, when we say that it is woman's work to please, we do not mean that she should be indifferent as to the means, or use any but the highest.

The question is not one of popularity, which is to a great extent an accidental thing—some women being popular who fully deserve to be, and others because of qualities which they ought to blush to possess. The American poet, Whittier, expresses in beautiful verse what we have been trying to say in unadorned prose when he describes the true wife.

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching;
The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.

And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing;
Her garments to the sick man's ear
Have music in their trailing.

Her presence lends a warmth and health
To all who come before it.
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it."

CHAPTER V.

MATRIMONIAL MANNERS.

"Love, like the flower that courts the sun's kind ray,
Will flourish only in the smiles of day;
Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys.
Oh shun, my friends, avoid that dangerous coast,
Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost,
By wit, by grief, by anger urged, forbear
The speech contemptuous and the scornful air."—*Percy.*

"There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable."—*Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

IT is a mistake to suppose that the forms of courtesy can be safely dispensed with in the family circle. With the disappearance of the forms the reality will too often disappear. On the other hand, as outward actions, and even the changes of countenance and expression of the features have a tendency to call forth corresponding emotions, atten-

tion to the forms of civility will very often be successful in producing the reality. If you force yourself to smile and look cheerful, bright thoughts are sure to come into your mind, though you may have been, before the experiment, considerably out of humour. The next time you happen to be cross, and the members of your family seem natural enemies instead of natural friends, try this remedy. Smile and say something pretty, even though you may shrink from the effort as you would from a dentist's chair. You will have your reward, for almost immediately a bright streak of happiness will break through the clouds of your mind.

"Politeness," said Joubert, "is one development of virtue;" and in reply to those who would contend that it is necessary for society only, not for home, he remarked that we should wear our velvet indoors—that is, give those nearest to us the chief benefit of gentleness. How many put on their velvet to go out into the world, and consider that anything will do to wear at home! Politeness is their court dress which they change for a dressing-gown when they return home.

Even from the literal meaning of the word we might infer that politeness, like charity, should begin at home. A polite person means, in the first instance, one who displays the virtues of a good citizen; but as nations are gathered out of families, the home must be regarded as the most influential school of civilization. From that source issue the principles and maxims that govern society.

A really good manner is like our skin, put on from within, and never taken off while we are alive. Nature's gentlemen

and ladies are always gentlemen and ladies; but there are artificial gentlemen and ladies who put aside their good manners with their good clothes in the privacy of their homes. They have company manners for abroad; but home is to them not only Liberty Hall, but a hall of licence, where they allow their natures full play.

There are cowardly creatures, whose attitude in the presence of superiors has been well described as one of "respectful uneasiness." This sort of people stretch their manners to such an unnatural degree in society that they are pretty sure to go to the opposite extreme when relaxing at home. Feeling released from something that was hanging over them, they run wild, and become rude in consequence of their late restraint.

A certain Diogenic philosopher once made the following amiable confession: "Relations I detest; connections I hate; friends I dislike; acquaintances I tolerate; but the only people I really like are the people I don't know." It is to be hoped that few people adopt such a sliding scale of abhorrence, and yet it points to the real danger of familiarity breeding if not contempt, at least a certain amount of disregard for the feelings of those with whom we are very intimate.

Unless married people are so very sympathetic that they grow together "like to a double cherry, seeming parted," the never-ceasing round of intercourse between them may become so *exigeant* as to cause abrupt, unpolite behaviour. At breakfast, at luncheon, at dinner, more or less in the evening, at night, in the morning—all "marriage." There

is generally greater harmony when a husband's duties necessitate his remaining several hours of the day from home. "For this relief much thanks!" will be the not unnatural sentiment of a grateful wife. And to the husband, on his return, home will appear far sweeter than if he had idled about the house all day with nothing to do but torment his wife.

Richter says that distance injures love less than nearness. People are more polite when they do not see too much of each other. Let the husband then have a "den" or "growlery" to which he may retire when conscious that the animal should be marked "dangerous," and the wife a boudoir where she may be alone when inclined "to pout or be sulky"; which is the suggestive explanation given by my dictionary of the French term *bouder*, from which comes our word boudoir or sulking-room — an apartment not less necessary surely than a smoking or billiard-room. Such expedients alleviate the "very much married" feeling to which reference has been made. When they meet in a common room the effect will be apparent, for husband and wife will be far more polite because more interesting to each other.

It does not "pay" to be indifferent to the feelings of any one, but least of all to those of a life-partner. When people are tied for life, it is their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another, and the best possible safeguards they can adopt are kindness and civility. How the whole day is rendered dismal and disagreeable when there has been "a storm" in the breakfast "tea-cup" between husband and wife! As far as happiness goes, each must confess in the

evening, "I have lost a day." They sat opposite to each other at lunch and dinner, reserved and silent. Like sensitive plants, they were afraid of being touched. The domestic atmosphere was darkened. The children did not enjoy their play, and stopped occasionally to see what was the matter. Nor did anything escape the notice of the servants, who have a fine tale to tell about the "awful temper of master and missis."

It has been remarked that there are six "ifs," by any of which a stranger may know a man and woman to be husband and wife. These rules, it is said, are infallible in just interpretation. They may be resorted to with confidence, as they are deduced from every-day experience.

1. If you see a gentleman and a lady disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.

2. If you see a silent pair in a hackney or any other coach, lolling carelessly one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.

3. If you see a lady drop her glove, and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or,

4. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with anything carelessly, her head inclined another way, and speaking to him with indifference; or,

5. If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who perhaps is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy path; or,

6. If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging, and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying smart things to every pretty woman in the room, excepting one, to whom he appears particularly reserved, cold, and formal, and is unreasonably cross—who that one is, nobody can be at a loss to discover.

If we would be happy in married life, we must reverse such notes of "barbarous dissonance."

When an exhortation is given after the wedding ceremony, it would be well if the clergyman were sometimes to take for his text, "Be courteous." If he be an observing man he will know that more coldness and estrangements, if not absolute quarrels and separations, grow out of a disregard of the common rules of courtesy in married life, than from almost any other cause. The wife gets up and goes off to give a direction to her servants while her husband is in the middle of a sentence; if he were any other gentleman she would at least say, "Excuse me for a moment." The wife comes into the room, and the husband sits still in his chair; if any other lady enters he rises and offers her one. If a guest is coming to the house, the lady of the house is dressed and at the door ready to receive him; if it is only her husband, she has no welcome. If a lady is at table as a guest, the gentleman brings some topic of social conversation to entertain her; if the wife is the only lady, he sits silent, or may even take a letter or a newspaper out of his pocket and read it to himself.

How many divorces would be avoided if the advice of Governor Trumbull were taken, who, when a friend applied

to him for advice about a divorce, asked, "How did you treat your wife when you were courting her?" "Why, I treated her as well as I could, for I loved her dearly." "Well," said the governor, "go home and court her as you did then for a year, and come and tell me the result." At the year's end it was, "My wife and I are as happy as when we first married, and I mean to court her all the days of my life."

Men are cautioned by the Jewish Talmud to be careful lest they cause women to weep, for "God counts their tears." Of course women may use their tears in an improper, cowardly manner to induce men to walk aside from the path of duty; and there are those who have recourse to melting moods to gain a mastery over good-natured, weak-minded husbands. They have waterworks in their heads, and can turn the tap on when they like. But we have not been referring to selfish sighs, and made-to-order woe of this kind, which need not, and ought not to be regarded. If these crocodile-tears are counted by God, we may be sure that they count against the woman who can so far abuse her "irresistible might of weakness."

Husbands who are gentlemen in feeling will recognize the necessity of obeying some such maxims as the following, which also, by implication, suggest a code of manners for the wife who desires to be a lady in her home as well as abroad. Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Do not speak of great virtues in another man's wife to remind your own of a fault. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company,

or upbraid her in the presence of a third party. Do not entertain your wife by praising the beauty and accomplishments of other women. If you would have a pleasant home and a cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for sociability elsewhere.

He is the wisest head of a house who rules without being felt to rule. He must not be weak, for that means misery to all concerned, but his firmness should work by love, and be only used for good purposes. And this sort of government, by persuasion rather than by force, is not only most constitutional, but the best policy. In reference to the management of women, one of Shakespeare's heroines suggests the easiest and most successful method.

> "You may ride us
> With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere
> With spur we heat an acre."

A woman, it has been said, is like tar—only melt her, and she will take any form you please. We know, of course, that there never was a wife of a waspish disposition; but if ever such a phenomenon should appear, let her husband remember that "more wasps are caught by honey than by vinegar."

A husband said to his wife, "Now, wife, you know I am at the head of the house." "Well," said she, "you can be at the head if you wish; I am the neck." "Yes," he said, "you shall be the neck." "But, don't you know," said she, "the neck turns the head?" It is amusing to hear some men boast of their government at home. One of this class

in the absence of his wife invited some gentlemen friends to spend an evening with him. The conversation turned on the marriage relation, when the host boasted, "I am master in my house. I do not believe in woman's ruling—I do as I please, and I make my wife submit to my rule—I am a regular Julius Cæsar in my house." Just then the wife came in, and said, "Gentlemen, you had better go home, and Julius Cæsar will just walk right upstairs along with me." Was not this man right to submit to his wife's rule when she was ordering what was really best for him?

A bankrupt merchant returned home one night and said to his wife, "My dear, I am ruined; everything we have is in the hands of the sheriff." After a few moments of silence, his noble wife, looking him calmly in the face, said, "Will the sheriff sell you?" "No." "Will he sell me?" "No." "Then don't say we have lost everything. All that is most profitable to us, manhood, womanhood, remains; we have but lost the result of our skill and industry; we may make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left to us." If men and women would take as much pains to hold each other as they do to catch each other, there would be fewer unhappy marriages.

"And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask?—who dreams
Without their thorns of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses?

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living:
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving."

"I have heard," says Matthew Henry, "of a married couple who, though they were both of a hasty temper, yet lived comfortably together, by simply observing a rule on which they had mutually agreed—never to be both angry with each other." And he adds that an ingenious and pious father was in the habit of giving this advice to his children when they married:

"Doth one speak fire, t'other with water come;
Is one provoked, be t'other soft and dumb."

The wife of a politician, who has an eye for the main chance, keeps a scrapbook of all the uncomplimentary things printed about her husband, which she is to index for ready reference in seasons of domestic unpleasantness. This lady deserves domestic happiness about as much as another of whom her husband said, "I should have no objection to my wife's having the last word if I could only be assured that it would be the last."

When one of the married pair is angry the other is cautioned by Jeremy Taylor "to subtract fuel from the sudden flame; for stubble, though it be quickly kindled, yet it is as soon extinguished, if it be not blown by a pertinacious breath, or fed with new materials. Let them be sure to abstain from all those things which by experience and observation they find to be contrary to each other. They that govern elephants never appear before them in

white, and the masters of bulls keep from them all garments of blood and scarlet, as knowing that they will be impatient of civil usages and discipline when their natures are provoked by their proper antipathies. The ancients in their marital hieroglyphics used to depict *Mercury* standing by *Venus*, to signify, that by fair language and sweet entreaties, the minds of each other should be united: and hard by them they would have all deliciousness of manners, compliance, and mutual observance to abide."

If any more of the author's remarks on "Politeness at Home" are wanted (which is not likely to be the case), they will be found in the chapter of "How to be Happy 'hough Married," which treats of that subject.

CHAPTER VI.

A HUSBAND-AND-WIFE MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

"But am I not the nobler through thy love?
Oh, three times less unworthy! likewise thou
Art more through Love, and greater."—*Tennyson.*

THE fact that a husband and wife have chosen each other implies that they have established a Mutual Admiration Society; but ought they not also to form a Mutual Improvement Society? Certainly no example is more powerful than that of him or her whose bundle of life is bound with our own. How husbands and wives can help or hinder each other in their warfare against evil!

Margaret Charlton, who afterwards became the wife of Baxter, attended his preaching at first only to please her mother, but was soon attracted by his simplicity, earnestness, and eloquence. The pastoral care of Baxter produced an effect in Margaret of which she at first had no idea, and he

no thought. "Respect for his character, reverence for him as her spiritual teacher, admiration of his abilities, and not least, gratitude for his thoughtful and tender ministries to her in trouble, produced a feeling of another kind. A personal love was kindled in her breast. At first it lay hid within her heart; but it gradually gained possession of her, so that her health suffered severely. Baxter, unlike most men in similar circumstances, had seen nothing to awaken his suspicions. He was taken entirely by surprise, therefore, when one day a lady friend of Margaret's sought an interview with him and made known the secret.

"Baxter was more than double Margaret's age, and he had both spoken and written strongly in recommendation of single life for the ministers of the Gospel in that age of frequent persecution. What would his brethren say? What would the world say? His answer was, 'That since he had passed his youth in celibacy, it would be reputed madness in him to marry a young woman.'

"He little thought that Margaret was at the door listening for his reply. She could not take a denial, so, entering the room, she made her own appeal. 'Dear Mr. Baxter, I protest with a sincere and real heart, I do not make a tender of myself to you upon any worldly account, but to have a more frequent converse with so holy and prudent a yoke-fellow, to assist me in my way to heaven, and to keep me steadfast in my perseverance, which I design for God's glory and my own soul's good.'"

What could he say after that? The appeal was irresistible. He did the only thing he could do, and it turned out the

best thing—he surrendered. If husbands would give honour unto their wives, many might say as Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that "to have loved her was a liberal education."

In the correspondence of Edward Irving, who was almost the greatest genius of the Scottish Church, there is a touching and elevating letter to his wife, which young married people might read together with profit by the quiet fireside of their dear first home:—

"Oh, Isabella, I have a strong persuasion of the power of a holy will and conversation, in which, if we continue, we shall save not only our own souls, but the souls of them that hear us. My dearest, we must soon go to our rest, and our sweet infant also; and perhaps the Lord may not see us worthy to leave any seed on the earth. His will be done. Now rest in peace, my other part, and thou, sweet link of being betwixt us. Every twelfth day of the month, my loving and beloved wife, let it be your first thought and your last thought, that your babe is mortal, and that the father of your babe is mortal, and that you yourself are mortal. Do this that you may swallow up our mortality in the glorious faith of our immortality in the heavens."

If a generous-hearted husband has to speak to his wife about her faults, he does it tenderly, humbly, unwillingly, sadly, yet with sufficient plainness not to have to do it twice over. In paining her he wounds his own flesh. The pain is necessary, but the hand of love so inflicts it that it quickly heals.

And here we may drop the hint that a Christian husband

or wife influences not so much by direct exhortation, as by consistent example. When Lord Peterborough had lodged for some time with Fénélon, referring to his example, he said at parting, "I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." In the same way, when one of a married pair is a sincere Christian, the other may not be able to escape becoming the same.

It is breathing a healthy atmosphere that chiefly promotes health, rather than constantly doing small things supposed to be healthful. So the gentle, self-controlled life, full of unconscious goodness, not too much up in the clouds to be ignorant of its own shortcomings, nor too proud frankly to acknowledge them, brings the force of Christian character to bear with a continuous and irresistible influence on the two wedded souls. Not long ago I heard a woman say of her husband, whose habit of fault-finding continually provoked her anger, that he was like the flaming sword which prevented Adam and Eve from entering Paradise. How sad it is when a husband and wife, instead of helping each other, become stumbling-blocks, and forget that they are in great part responsible for each other's soul! St. Peter tells husbands to dwell with their wives "as being heirs together of the grace of life; that your prayers be not hindered.' Let married people pray that they may continue to love each other, and let them love that they may be able to pray for each other.

After Philip Henry—who came to Worthenbury a stranger—had been in the country for some time, his attachment to Miss Matthews, afterwards his wife, became known to her

friends. Among the other objections they urged to the connection was this—that although Mr. Henry was a gentleman, and a scholar, and an excellent preacher, he was quite a stranger, and they did not even know where he came from. "True," replied Miss Matthews, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him." The husband and wife who truly love will scarcely be able to rest until they know each other to be on the road that leads to heaven. How often married people must see in each other, not without anxiety and a personal responsibility, some fault hardening, some good habit growing weaker. What better way than to speak of it in prayer to God? He will make for us an opportunity, and find the word for us to say in season, and with discretion. It is every one's duty to do all he can to prevent and diminish sin in his neighbour. If a good man studies to do this greatest kindness even for a stranger, surely a good husband and wife will earnestly strive to do it for each other. This is what might be expected, but in practice it is seldom done, for too many married people live in a circle of ideas most of which are "pagan, I regret to say." They do not realize the importance of true religion in making married life happy. If any one doubt that it is a matter of such importance, let him reflect upon the following testimony of Bishop Burnet: "By living according to the rules of religion a man becomes the wisest, the best, and the happiest creature that he is capable of being. Honesty, industry, the employing of time well, a constant sobriety, an undefiled purity, with continued serenity, are the best preservatives, too, of life and health; so that, take a man as an

individual, religion is his guard, his perfection, his beauty, and his glory. This will make him a light in the world, shining brightly and enlightening many round about him."

It is impossible to exaggerate the influence for good which a wife may exercise upon her husband's character.

> "There is no man so full of pride,
> And none so intimate with shame;
> And none to manhood so denied,
> As not to mend if women blame."

But the poet also mournfully adds—

> "Ah! wasteful woman,
> How she has cheapen'd Paradise;
> How given for naught her priceless gift;
> How spoil'd the bread and spill'd the wine,
> Which, spent with due, respective thrift,
> Had made brutes men, and men divine."

Men cannot be chivalrous and self-denying if women do not give them opportunities. They should give them every chance to cultivate these noble qualities. Instead of this, some fondly foolish wives encourage their husbands in rudeness and selfishness by not demanding, and even insisting, upon that attention, consideration, and help which every woman, much more a wife, may claim from a man. Sometimes it is a woman's "highest pleasure" to bear all her husband's burdens. To secure this highest pleasure, she makes the husband whom God has given her weak, inefficient, and childishly selfish. True conjugal happiness is found, not in taking burdens from one to cumber the other, but in united efforts—efforts which are the best possible discipline of character.

It is to be feared that the moral good of their husbands occupies very little of the attention of some wives. And yet there is no more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good; to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, truthfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent; nor entirely a matter of great energy; but rather of earnestness and honesty, and of that quiet, constant energy which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking.

Sir James Mackintosh was blessed with a wife who had this grace. He says, that by the tender management of his weaknesses, she gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. "She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence."

In a letter which Carlyle wrote to his "Goody," as he called his wife, when absent in London on business, and suffering under the discomfort of "insect-infected lodgings," he appeals to her thus: "But oh, my dear Jeannie, do help me to be a little softer, to be a little merciful to all men, even gigmen. Why should a man, though bilious, never so 'nervous,' impoverished, bug-bitten, and bedevilled, let Satan have dominion over him? Save me, save me, my Goody! It is on this side that I am threatened; nevertheless we will prevail, I tell thee; by God's grace we will and shall."

The sweet and modest influence for good which a wife should seek to gain over her husband will never be reached by sharp, bitter words, or by fits of sullen pride, or by the assumption of masterful airs, or by dictatorial lecturing. Nothing is more distasteful and abhorrent to men than any of these things in woman; nothing so quickly as any of these things will snatch all power out of her hands. It will be won by gracious looks, by tender little acts of love, by soft persuasive words, by gentle, hardly perceptible leading. It is often the case that women have deeper and softer religious convictions than men, and it is a glorious task for a Christian wife to make the life of her husband more spiritual, more rich in noble deeds of love, more near to God in his daily life, than it was before she entered his house. Her husband should be indebted to her for—

> "Those sweet counsels between head and heart,
> Whence genuine knowledge grew."

He should be able to acknowledge her service to him in the following lines:

> "She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
> And humble cares, and delicate fears;
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
> And love, and thought, and joy."

But the influences of marriage go beyond earth, and the wife that best deserves the name of an angel is she who—

> "Tries each art, reproves each dull delay,
> Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way."

When business goes wrong, or a profession disappoints,

or other losses and crosses happen, there are men who would give up the battle altogether and become utterly reckless, were it not for the wife's influence.

"Oh! what were Man in dark misfortune's hour
Without her cherishing aid?—a nerveless thing,
Sinking ignobly 'neath the passing power
Of every blast of Fortune. She can bring
'A balm for every wound.' As when the shower
More heavily falls, the bird of eve will sing
In richer notes; sweeter is woman's voice
When through the storm it bids the soul rejoice."

In his "Crown of Wild Olive," Mr. Ruskin thus speaks to wives, mothers, and maidens: "Believe me, the whole course and character of your lovers' lives may be in your hands; what you would have them be, they shall be, if you not only desire to have them so, but deserve to have them so; for they are often mirrors in which you will see yourselves imaged. If you are frivolous, they will be so also; if you have no understanding of the scope of their duty, they also will forget it; they will listen to the interpretation of it as uttered from your lips, such and so absolute is your rule over them. You fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no! the true rule is just the reverse of that: a true wife, in her husband's house, is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth; from her,

through the world's clamour, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace."

For the sake of each other, husband and wife should try to acquire the inestimable art of making duty seem pleasant, and even disappointment not so blank and crushing. They should be to each other like a bracing, crisp, frosty atmosphere, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches.

CHAPTER VII.

"MIND WHOM YOU MARRY!"

"How, my girls! Is your heart so little worth that you cut it, like old clothes, after any fashion, to fit any breast; and does it wax or shrink, then, like a Chinese ball, to fit itself into the ball-mould and marriage-ring case of any male heart whatever? 'Well, it must; unless we would sit at home, and grow Old Maids,' answer they; whom I will not answer, but turn scornfully away from them, to address that same Old Maid in these words: 'Forsaken, but patient one; misknown and mistreated! Think not of the times when thou hadst hope of better than the present are, and repent the noble pride of thy heart never! It is not always our duty to marry, but it always is our duty to abide by right, not to purchase happiness by loss of honour, not to avoid unweddedness by untruthfulness.'"—*Richter.*

"A great many difficulties arise from falling in love with the wrong person."—*Ruskin.*

THOSE who desire to have their manners and morals improved rather than injured by the the most serious and important undertaking in life must obey the old precept—"Mind whom you marry."

It is useless to expect young people to choose their life-

partners according to rule and reason. "Tell me where is Fancy bred?" asked Shakespeare in the sweet little song—

"Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies;
Let us all ring Fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell."

This fancy or love between two young people may be bred from the merest trifles—from a sympathetic word or look, from a song, from a lonely walk, from mere propinquity, and as often as not from a hint from a match-maker—

"For man is fire, and woman is tow,
And the Somebody comes, and begins to blow."

And then friends nod their heads and say, very wisely or very foolishly, as the case may be, "Alas! alas! I see thou art in love."

All this is true; nevertheless, there are a few general hints which may be suggested to those who have not quite lost their heads in love. First of all it is unwise to choose for beauty alone. "It is," says Jeremy Taylor, "an ill bond of affections to tie two hearts together by a little thread of red and white. And they can live no longer but until the next ague comes, and they are fond of each other, but at the change of fancy, or the small-pox, or child-bearing, or care, or time, or anything that can destroy a pretty flower." After

the first year, married people rarely think of each other's features, and whether they be classically beautiful or otherwise. But they never fail to be cognisant of each other's temper. "When I see a man," says Addison, "with a sour, rivelled face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife; and when I meet with an open, ingenuous countenance, I think of the happiness of his friends, his family, and his relations."

Do not marry a wife "too costly to wear every day," and beware of girls who are much talked of, for notoriety may make them conceited, extravagant, and fond of staying away from home. Neither ought you to be ambitious of possessing what Charles Lamb called a *furniture wife*. "Men marry for fortune, and sometimes to please their fancy; but much oftener than is suspected, they consider what the world will say of it; how such a woman in their friends' eyes will look at the head of a table. Hence we see so many insipid beauties made wives of, that could not have struck the particular fancy of any man that had any fancy at all; as many buy furniture, and pictures, because they suit this or that niche in their dining parlours. These I call *furniture wives*. Your universally cried-up beauties are the very last choice which a man of taste would make. What pleases all cannot have that individual charm which makes this or that countenance engaging to you, and to you only—perhaps you know not why." It is well there are differences of opinion as to suitability and compatibility. A man once said, "Now if everybody had been of my opinion, they would all have wanted my old woman;" another said, "If everybody had been of my opinion, nobody would have had her."

Good health is too important a matter to be overlooked in choosing a partner for life. Health is next to piety in the scale of blessings. It is more than fortune. Fortunes have been wasted in vain to supply it. Do not seek to have a continuous doctor's bill rolled up in your marriage settlement

Some diseases are hereditary. Deliberately to marry where such diseases are known to exist, is worse than folly. It is to help to spread an evil among mankind, to transmit a calamity and a scourge to future generations. Many children have been a plague to themselves and a burden to their parents and society during the whole course of their lives in consequence of this imprudence.

Domestic habits belong to the class of essentials. Some women seem happiest when they are gadding about from house to house, and jaunting from one locality to another. Forest rangers are very well in their way, but do not marry a ranger, as you would avoid perpetual motion. It is but little in domestic management and supervision that can be done by proxy; and when the wife is frequently abroad, things are sure to go wrong at home. A wife can have very little regard for her husband's purse who trusts servants with the exclusive management of all her household affairs. Recreation after work and to assist work is most useful and even necessary, but that husband is miserable indeed whose wife lives a life of mere pleasure.

Extravagance is as injurious as excessive visiting. Under its baneful influence the amplest fortune must disappear, as snow melts under the influence of the sun. You may not always be able to lay your hand on the particular extravagance

by which your property is being wasted, but you will feel that it is not the less really diminishing, because the particular form of its decrease is almost imperceptible.

It does not always pay to marry a rich wife. The girl who brings to her husband a large dowry may also bring habits of luxury learned in a rich home. "When men and women change their liberty for a rich fortune they show themselves to be less than money by overvaluing that to all the content and wise felicity of their lives; and when they have counted the money and their sorrows together, how willingly would they buy, with the loss of all that money, modesty or sweet nature; the odd thousand pounds would gladly be allowed in good-nature and fair manners."

Dress is one of the little things that indicate character.

The selection of clothes and the manner of putting them on are no bad foundations for a judgment. All women are good—either for something or for nothing—and their dress will generally tell you which. A refined woman does not bedizen and bedeck herself with a view to display. When speaking to her, one does not think of her dress. It is so much a part of herself that it makes no distinct impression. Being in harmony with her whole appearance, it does not attract notice.

Refinement in dress is generally associated with refinement in manners. The innate sensitive feeling which rejects the unbecoming in the one will be quick to avoid it in the other. It will regulate dress and carriage, spirit and speech.

It was the opinion of Pope that "most women have no characters at all;" and again he says—

"Ladies, like variegated tulips, show:
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe,
Fine by defect and delicately weak."

We believe this sentiment to be utterly false. A weak and foolish woman is miserable herself, and the cause of misery to every one connected with her.

Some men do not marry because they expect too much in a wife. "Why don't you marry?" "Well, you see, I am very particular who my intended should be——" "Explain yourself." "My wife must be rich, handsome, and stupid." "Why all that?" "Very simple. She must be rich and handsome, otherwise I would not have her; and she must be stupid, otherwise she would not have me."

A man who will marry nothing less than perfection must necessarily remain unmarried. He is "a sour grape hanging by the twig of obstinacy on a wall of great expectations;" and the only thing to be said in his favour is, that he has not availed himself of the opportunity of making a woman miserable. But what can we say or think of the folly and foolhardiness of him who, so far from seeking perfection in the woman he marries, altogether ignores the assurance of the son of Sirach, that "there is no wickedness like the wickedness of a woman"? On the other hand—

"How blest is he whose arms enfold
A consort virtuous as fair,
Her price is far above the gold
That worldly spirits love to share;
On her, as on a beauteous isle
Amid life's dark and stormy sea,
In all his trouble, all his toil,
He rests with deep security."

"Is it possible, young lady, that you do not know the names of your best friends?" "Possible? Why, of course it is. I do not even know what my name may be a year or so hence." A girl may not know the name of the man she will marry, but she should make up her mind that whoever he be he must have a good character. We would not insult feminine intellects by suggesting so obvious a truth, as that they should seek for a perfectly "steady" husband, were it not that some women are accused of liking rakes, and others fancy that whatever a man may be before marriage, he is sure to reform after it. If there are women so careless of their happiness as to like in men qualities that are sure to make them wretched, captivated by money, position, a handsome face, or anything else, all that can be said of them is that they are true daughters of Eve, who "knew not eating death." People's characters seldom change after thirty years of age, and, as a rule, a bad man before marriage will be a bad man after it. For the same reason we think that a girl ought not to marry in a sort of missionary spirit, hoping to convert a lover, who is "rather wild," from the error of his ways. The poor-houses are full of women who thought they could reform their husbands.

To be happy in marriage, it is necessary to marry a gentleman. What we mean by the term is expressed in words taken from an American periodical.

"A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among all his sisters, and discourteous

to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered yes or no.

"A man may be ever so rustic in his early surroundings, but if he is a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behaviour.

"There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character which everywhere commands respect and makes its owner pass for what he is—one of nature's noblemen.

"Do not despair, girls; there are such men still in the world. You need not all die old maids. Wait. No harm in a delay.

"You will not be apt to find him in the ball-room, and I know he will never be seen walking up from the liquor-saloon. Nor is he a champion billiard-player.

"He has not had time to become a 'champion,' for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these 'champions' were seldom good for much else.

"Be very wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love."

From the same source we learn how a Louisville girl disposed of a young man who did not come up to this standard:

"You have asked me pointedly if I can marry you, and I have answered you pointedly that I can. I can marry a man who makes love to a different girl every month. I can marry a man whose main occupation seems to be to join in gauntlet in front of churches and theatres, and comment audibly on the people who are compelled to pass through it.

I can marry a man whose only means of support is an aged father. I can marry a man who boasts that any girl can be won with the help of a good tailor and an expert tongue. I can marry such a man, but I w-o-n-t!"

A duck of a man generally makes a goose of a husband, so it is wise to choose a husband who has sterling qualities of heart and character. "Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature," or on any mere outward appearance so much as on that inner man that will make or mar your happiness and character. "Are the young ladies of the present day fit for wives?" asked a lecturer of his audience. "They are fit for husbands," responded a feminine voice; "but the difficulty is that *you men* are not fit for wives." The Rev. Philip Henry used to say to his children, with reference to their choice in marriage—"Please God and please yourselves, and you shall never displease me;" and greatly blamed those parents who concluded matches for their children without their consent. He sometimes mentioned the saying of a pious gentlewoman who had many daughters—"The care of most people is how to get good husbands for their daughters; but my care is to fit my daughters to be good wives, and then let God provide for them." May I refer to the fourth and fifth chapters of my book, "How to be Happy though Married," where an attempt has been made to save people from taking a leap in the dark? What is marriage but a leap in the dark, when physical beauty is esteemed above spiritual beauty, and when external possessions are desired more than internal treasures? When sensuality, selfishness, vanity, ambition,

are the evil genii which bring the sexes together, what can we expect but discord and misery; diseases of mind and body; broken vows; broken hearts; the infernal marriage of the evil and the false, and the awful shadows of hell projected upon earth? That husbands and wives exercise special transforming or modifying influences upon each other, is a truth of daily experience and of incalculable value. Mind whom you marry, for you will never be the same that you were before. You will unconsciously absorb another life into your own, and the two currents will blend in your character and conduct. If your husband be a refined and good man, he will make you refined and good if of an opposite character—

> . . . "Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
> What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay,
> As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown,
> And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down."

So it is also with the man. The will of the woman attaches itself to his will, and endeavours, with inconceivable subtlety and power, to make it absolutely one with itself. Hence the purifying, spiritualizing influence of a good and noble woman. Hence also the fearfully demoralizing, darkening, and deadening power of an evil woman over man.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MANAGEMENT OF A HUSBAND.

"Her pleasures are in lovers coy:
When hers, she gives them not a thought,
But, like the angler, takes more joy
In fishing than in fishes caught."—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

"Think not, the husband gained, that all is done,
The prize of happiness must still be won;
And oft the careless find it to their cost;
The lover in the husband may be lost;
The graces might alone his heart allure;
They and the virtues meeting must secure."

HAVING caught our hare we proceed to cook it. Having married the right sort of husband, how should a woman manage him? The first thing to be settled is whether it is ever right for a wife who has vowed to obey her husband to attempt to manage him. That, we should say, depends upon the character of the husband and of the wife. If a man be weak and easily led, he will be managed by some one, and if his wife do not lead him right, bad friends and bad passions will lead him wrong.

What makes it sound badly to speak of managing a husband is the fact that too many wives only manage their husbands for selfish purposes. If their sole object were to make the most of them it would be all right, but sometimes what they aim at is to make the most out of them. Manœuvres, crafty ways, wily little concealments, insidious flatterings and coaxings with an object—these miserable and not very honourable means a good wife is sometimes almost forced to use in order to make her bad husband do his duty; but they are also used by wives who have not bad husbands, and who are therefore without excuse. Husbands are selfish enough, but they have not a monopoly in this bad quality: they share it with their wives. "I can do what I like with my husband," said a young wife. "How?" "When he won't do what I like, I just take to bed. The other day I wanted twenty pounds, and he would only give me ten, so I took to bed, and that soon brought him to his senses." Is this the cause of the prevalency of the "sofa disease" amongst ladies?

Wives would manage their husbands better if they did not forget the arts they used to please them when these husbands were only their lovers. Before marriage, a girl speaks to her lover with her eyes; after marriage, with her tongue, and in other respects her manner is generally less winning.

It is, however, a great mistake to yield up everything to a husband's whims, and become the humble slave of his caprices. The woman who does this without gaining more of her lord's love loses his respect. He becomes a bully, and

in his heart despises and dislikes the weak simpleton who allowed him to do so.

What is the best way of managing a husband who has a chronic bad temper, and is eternally finding fault? This is the very difficult problem which many a poor woman has to solve in her everyday life. We should say that it is well to make this amiable being clearly understand that exhibitions of temper do not frighten or the least bit impress you. Above all do not "pip and whine and go trembling," for if you once appear frightened, and say that you do not know what to do, all influence will be gone. In menageries the men who go into the cages of the lions are never hurt by their savage occupants, unless for some reason or other they lose nerve and show fear. We do not mean to insinuate that many husbands are wild beasts, or that wives should jump them through hoops, and put them through irritating performances before strangers, but there is an ape and a tiger in each of us, and the wife who would really help her husband to move upward and work out the beast must be careful not to let him lose his respect for her. Make him see from the first that you are not a fool, and that you cannot be trifled with.

The barracks occupied by the regiment of which I have spiritual charge having to be repaired, the men of the regiment were put under canvass. As the wives and children of the married soldiers could not well live in tents for three months, they were accommodated in a neighbouring fort. Here there were only a few rooms, but as they were very large, two women with their children had to live together in

each room—an arrangement which must have been very trying to their tempers. Who was to get the first use of the fireplace for cooking? How were the mothers to prevent themselves from being drawn into the quarrels of their children? It was the duty of the quartermaster to arrange in each case the two particular women who should live together, and as I knew a good deal about their characters he consulted me on the delicate subject. We coupled most of them with comparative ease, until we came to the names of two whose tempers were notoriously bad, and who had given the colonel and quartermaster more trouble than all the rest of the women put together. Who would, or who could, venture to live with them? Happy thought!—put them together. This we did, not without anxiety, but we had heard that two fiery tempers often neutralized each other, and we knew that it was a good plan to set a thief to catch a thief. When visiting the two women some time afterwards, half expecting that a Kilkenny cat's tragedy had taken place, I was agreeably surprised to find that they had agreed better than any of the other pairs. The only way that I can account for this mysterious peacefulness is that each woman respected the gunpowdery temper of her companion, and took particular care not to explode it.

Is not the result often the same when a bad-tempered, fault-finding husband gets a wife with a temper of her own? She manages him by giving a Roland for his Oliver, and if the man threaten to run away from her wholesome discipline she will answer as a wife the other day actually did: "The running away is easy enough," quoth the lady, "it's the coming back that will bring your pride down."

I knew a strong-minded wife who cured her husband of habits of tippling and staying away from home which he was beginning to form, by a sort of homœopathic treatment. He was fond of money, and grudged every penny he did not spend upon himself. So whenever he indulged in "nips," his wife would order a bottle of expensive champagne for herself and friends. If he went on excursions, or to places of amusement, without inviting her to accompany him, she neither lectured nor cried, but started herself with all the children on some expedition. Finding that in this way he was always paid with his own coin, or rather punished by the loss of it, he became a model husband.

We do not believe with Mrs. Malaprop, that "'tis safest in matrimony to begin with a little aversion," but we are sure that there are low natures who do not know how to appreciate love, and who, like some dogs, behave better when not too much made of and petted. Probably this is the reason why many love matches end in separations. Certainly a wife ought to love her husband, but he may value her more if she hide her heart from him and never let him know how dear he is.

Some men have to be managed as the Irishman does his pig when driving it to market. When the pig is led to believe that he is wanted to go one way he goes the opposite with the greatest of pleasure. Different cases must be differently treated. To give in to some men makes them worse. To agree with everything they say and do has been found useful in the case of others. They are nothing if not in opposition, and become sad and submissive when they have no one to find fault with except themselves.

I have just received the following letter:

"DEAR SIR,—As one who greatly admires your book ('How to be Happy though Married'), may I be allowed to suggest an idea? While touching on temper, money, and other things affecting the happiness of married life, you have failed to notice jealousy. I don't mean as it is often given way to in an unreasonable manner, but as it affects many a kind, good husband, whose wife by her silly flirtations makes him feel neglected, or the wife, good and kind to her husband, who has to watch that husband devote his time and most of his attention to some girl or woman who takes his fancy for a time. I feel sure that a chapter of advice on how to deal with a reasonable green-eyed monster would be most helpful.

"I remain,

"Yours truly,

"G. T."

The remark in this letter of our obliging correspondent that the wife of many a kind, good husband "by her silly flirtations makes him feel neglected," alludes to a kind of husband-*mis*management which is fraught with incalculable misery to all concerned. No doubt it was cases like this which gave rise to the Russian proverb: "When you go to sea pray once, when you go to war pray twice, when you marry pray three times." Probably, too, the husband had a flirting wife who complained that a Quaker friend deceived him by saying that when he married he would be at the end of his troubles. "Yes, friend," was

the Quaker's explanation, "but I did not say at which end." Seriously speaking, jealousy causes no end of trouble in married life, and she is a very wicked woman who, for the sake of gratifying her vanity, gives to her husband any reasonable cause for feeling the torments of this passion. She cannot do so without breaking every marriage vow.

The wife who would manage her husband ought to make her personal appearance ever attractive to him; for although he may not seem to notice it, he will, and it will have a greater influence on him than she may imagine. She should make his food an object of attention, for the hearts of many men can only be reached by means of their stomachs. The sight of a daintily set dinner-table on a man's return from business is enough to dispel the gloom from the most cantankerous husband living, especially when it is backed by the knowledge that an appetizing meal will be on the table ready for him by the time he has washed his hands, changed his coat, and prepared himself to enjoy it.

It is well in this way for a wife either to cook herself for her husband, or to see that it is properly done by a servant, but it is even better to be able to cook the good man himself. "Cook a husband! Is this possible?" Certainly, and it is the highest attainment of the culinary art. One of the lecturers before the Cooking School at Baltimore recently gave this recipe: "A good many husbands are utterly spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about as if their husbands were bladders, and blow them up. Others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference. Some keep

them in a stew of irritating ways and words. Others roast them. Some keep them in pickle all their lives. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be tender and good managed in this way; but they are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband, you should not be guided by the silvery appearance—as in buying mackerel, nor by the golden tint—as if you wanted salmon. Be sure to select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none unless you will patiently learn how to cook him. A preserving kettle of the finest porcelain is best; but if you have nothing but an earthenware pipkin, it will do, with care. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required number of buttons and strings tightly sewed on. Tie him in the kettle by a strong silk cord called *comfort*, as the one called *duty* is apt to be weak. They are apt to fly out of the kettle and be burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and lobsters, you have to cook them while alive. Make a clear steady fire out of love, neatness, and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him. If he sputters and fizzes do not be anxious; some husbands do this until they are quite done. Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not stick any sharp instrument into him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watching the while lest he lie too flat and close to the kettle, and so become useless. You

cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated, you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children, and he will keep as long as you want, unless you become careless and set him in too cold a place."

The homely, affectionate, and familiar way in which priests officiating at French weddings address the brides and bridegrooms has often been commented upon. One recently delivered ran as follows: "It is from the bottom of my heart, Joseph, that I congratulate you upon the great step you are taking. It was indeed sad to see you wasting your youth in a life of disgusting drunkenness. However, all is well that ends well; and it pleases me to think that you have said good-bye for ever to the wine shop. As to you, my poor Catherine, thank heaven heartily that you have been able, ugly as you are, to find a husband. Never forget that you ought, by an unchangeable sweetness, and a devotion without bounds, to try to obtain pardon for your physical imperfection; for, I repeat, you are a real blunder of nature. And now, my dear children, I join you in matrimony."

Catherine might well be comforted, for it is quite true that beauty of temper atones for ugliness of face, and that a sweet and devoted wife who is physically imperfect has in the long run a greater influence over her husband than one who is better looking but worse tempered. Never lose your temper: it ruins the face, and it always leaves a disagreeable impression which nothing quite rubs out. You will grow old in years; but you may continue youthful in feeling, and beautiful in the eyes of your husband by a constant use of the following prescription:

"Of Unselfishness, three drams,
Of Essence of Heart's-ease, three drams,
Of the Spirit of Charity, three drams, and no scruples,
Of Extract of Rose of Sharon, a whole ounce.
The mixture to be taken daily."

As a rule "the husband is the head of the wife;" but sometimes she is the stronger of the two. It is not her fault that she is the stronger; she is what she has been made, and water must find its own level. Let her guide her husband along the right road without his feeling the bit. She must choose her opportunity and cultivate tact. A good wife is—

"Blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day!
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting, sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys."

For the sake of completeness this chapter should be followed by one on the management of a wife. We give it up, and leave it to be written by the man who has managed a wife, and who knows how it is done. It is true that Petrucio is represented by Shakespeare as having managed even "Katharine the curst," but this never was done in real life, and is only the creation of the poet's brain. I shall say nothing of my own on the subject, but shall quote a remark lately made to me by a young married woman: "We women," she said, "like to be mastered if we get a really good master, but that is the great difficulty."

CHAPTER IX.

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

"Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the over-stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses than their own vicious inclinations."—*Lord Burleigh.*

THE patriarchal or family form of government is generally acknowledged to be the foundation and first development of all government. The man who can well rule his family is capable of governing a kingdom. No wonder that the Apostle Paul should say, when speaking of the necessary qualifications of a bishop, that a suitable candidate for the office is one who maintains good government in his

own house. "For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?" Yet this is the government that people generally undertake without any serious thought or the slightest preparation. Parents go into their office with good intentions perhaps, but without any attempt to understand the duties and authority it involves. We all understand that some kind of preparation is necessary to teach school, drill soldiers, or even to make coats and boots; but as regards preparation for parenthood—this is ignored by every curriculum of education.

The first thing to be said about family government is that it should really maintain law and rule. It is more than a mere nursing, petting, and provisioning agency. Fancying that there is a kind of severity implied in the act of governing, some parents are unwilling to bear rule at all. And yet by common consent we speak of an ungoverned family as a synonym of a disorderly, wretched, if not ruined family. There is no greater cruelty than this false tenderness. There is indeed a kind of cruelty on the opposite side when despotic will and violence make no appeal to the moral nature. Yet even this may not be so cruel in its effects as the false tenderness just named.

Parental authority should be regarded as vicegerent authority set up by God and ruling in His stead. A parent is to a child what God is to a good man. He is the moral governor of its world of childhood. Parental government is therefore only genuine when it rules for the same ends as God pursues. But how seldom is this ideal even in a small

degree realized! We rule as parents in a careless, irresponsible way, making laws, not for the child's highest and most lasting good, but for our own selfish convenience or for the gratification of vanity. We want our children to shine and be fashionable, and with this end in view a vexatious yoke of unnecessary commands is put upon them. If some parents exerted themselves as much in developing the moral characters of their children as they do in making them please their own hobbies, they would indeed be parental models.

When children accord willing obedience, then the end of family government is gained. By willing obedience is meant that obedience which springs from right motive and is not given to mere will and force. The highest and perhaps the most effective motives that can be urged are such as these: Doing right because it is right; God's approbation; the approval of conscience; the sense of honour as opposed to the meanness of lying and deceit. Besides these highest motives there are lower ones that are sometimes more practical. Rewards and punishments are second-class motives, but they cannot be dispensed with. It is certainly better even to bribe a child to do good than not to have the good done. And as regards fear, if it be a mean motive, yet it is the only one to which mean children will much attend. There is, then, to be such a thing as penalty in family government, but it should be inflicted with the greatest consideration. First of all, it should be threatened and inflicted as seldom as possible. When, however, it is threatened, let it be inflicted, for nothing so much weakens

the force of discipline as threatenings which, though full of sound and fury, are known by a child's experience to mean nothing. The other day I heard of a precocious boy of five years old who, in the presence of several people, thus replied to his father when he threatened to punish him unless he became good immediately: "No you won't," said this young despiser of authority, "for you tell me the same thing every day, and never do anything."

Punishments should be severe enough to serve their purpose and gentle enough to ensure the continuance of affection. Nor should the child be left alone until he feels that the punishment has been inflicted for his own good, and gives assurance of this feeling by putting on a pleasant face. The fashion of reproving children and servants in the presence of others is to be deprecated. Pride, stubbornness, and self-will are aroused by it, while a more private reproof might be received even with thankfulness.

Much depends on the tone of voice and manner in which commands are given. It is a great mistake to suppose that what will make a child stare or tremble impresses authority. Let the command be given quietly, as if it had right in itself, and should as a matter of course commend itself to the child's conscience. And only so many things should be commanded as can be faithfully attended to. Be sparing of commands, and let them be given rather for the child's advantage than for your own. Above all, let there be consistency in commanding.

Consider well what you are going to do; weigh all the consequences; and then, if you give the command, enforce

obedience at whatever cost. "Of errors in education," says Mr. Herbert Spencer, "one of the worst is inconsistency. As in a community, crimes multiply when there is no certain administration of justice; so in a family, an increase of transgressions results from a hesitating or irregular infliction of punishment. A weak mother, who perpetually threatens and rarely performs—who makes rules in haste and repents of them at leisure—who treats the same offence now with severity and now with leniency, as the passing humour dictates, is laying up miseries for herself and her children. She is making herself contemptible in their eyes; she is setting them an example of uncontrolled feelings; she is encouraging them to transgress by the prospect of probable impunity; she is entailing endless squabbles and accompanying damage to her own temper and the tempers of her little ones. Let your penalties be like the penalties inflicted by inanimate nature—inevitable. The hot cinder burns a child the first time he seizes it; it burns him the second time; it burns him the third time; it burns him every time; and he very soon learns not to touch the hot cinder. If you are equally consistent—if the consequences which you tell your child will follow specified acts, follow with like uniformity, he will soon come to respect your laws as he does those of nature. And this respect once established will prevent endless domestic evils."

It is of the highest importance in family government that parents understand how early it begins. People fancy that they can have but little influence on the soul of infancy.

What can they do till they can speak to it? What can it do till it speaks? We answer very much indeed. More perhaps is done to affect the character of children before the age of language than after. This is the period of impressions, and the child may now very easily be impressed in a wrong way, if petty airs of foppery are encouraged, if the repetition of bad tricks is laughed at, if every sort of temper is indulged in towards it, or if the house be filled with a din of scolding between parents. We should not, then, pass over this precious age of impressions in idle security, or misuse it in mischievous indiscretions, or give our children up to the thoughtless keeping of attendants. Very quick is the child's eye in the passive age of infancy to catch impressions and perceive the meaning of looks, voices, and motions. It examines all faces and colours and sounds. Every sentiment is reflected on its face as on a glass. If the child is handled fretfully, scolded, shaken, or even laid aside without affection, it feels exactly that which is felt towards it; it is angered by anger, made impatient by impatience, fretted by fretting. There is scarcely room to doubt that all crabbed, resentful, passionate characters, as well as all that are gentle, patient, and loving, are more or less prepared in the nursery. To the question, "At what age would you educate a child?" a wise man answered, "Twenty years before its birth, by educating its father and mother." As a general rule, perhaps more is done, or neglected to be done, in moulding a child's character in the first four years of life than in all his years of education afterwards.

In the early periods of childhood, authority should expect the implicit obedience that asks not "why." It should have nothing to do with reasons, at least before it is obeyed. It is good for the character of a young child to be accustomed to obey on the ground of simple authority. At the same time we must guard against the exacting and dictatorial manner that only provokes to wrath.

The common fault of commanding too much and omitting to enforce what is commanded has been alluded to; there is another kind of fault which commands overmuch, and rigidly exacts what is commanded. The parent then appears to the child only as a bundle of commands, who continually exacts something for no other reason than to take away even the semblance of liberty. This is often done to break the child's will, but this will-breaking process too often makes cowards, hypocrites, and mean-spirited sycophants. Nothing, indeed, is more dreadful than this breaking of a will, when it breaks, as it often does, the personality itself, and all firmness of manhood. The true problem is not to break, but to bend; to draw the will by sweetness away from self-assertion to self-surrender; to teach it the way of submitting to wise limitations.

Great care is needed in detecting the faults of childhood. While children must not be allowed to go into the ways of vice undetected, the circumspection required to prevent this must be very different from deliberate *espionage*, than which nothing will more certainly alienate confidence and love. If a child feels he is not trusted he will soon become as unworthy of trust as he has been taken to be. On the

other hand, he will naturally want to be worthy of the trust he receives. The doctrine of implicit obedience in family government only applies to very young children. A wise parent understands that his government is to be crowned one day by the emancipation of the child, and that the gradual, graceful accomplishment of this emancipation is a very great matter. The process in order to be well finished should begin early. The child, after being ruled for a time by pure authority, should begin, as the understanding is developed, to have some of the reasons given why this or that thing is required to be done. His tastes, too should be consulted in respect to his future engagements in life. Among birds, the young are taught to use their wings not all at once, but by degrees. Let parents take a lesson from this fact, and give to their children gradual independence.

Human nature requires amusement as well as teaching and correction. To cater for the family amusement is a part of parental government that must not be overlooked. One of the first duties of a parent is to sympathize with the play of his children. How very much do little children crave for sympathy! They hold out every new object for you to see it with them, and look up after each gambol for you to rejoice with them.

Let play-times and play-things be given liberally. Invite suitable companions, and do everything in your power to make home sweet. It is the greatest pleasure to right-hearted people to forget their years as they enter into the frolic of their children. Nor will this weaken our power of governing. Rather the authority so far unbent will be all

the stronger and more welcome for our display of real sympathy. If family government were well carried out in every home, children would be happier and better than they are now.

Then there would be even in our great towns a partial realization of the words of the prophet Zechariah, in reference to Jerusalem delivered: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." We often recollect with pleasure the qualification which a friend of ours asked for in a teacher for his children—"Can you laugh and make fun?" It was strictly philosophical. The boy is not learning anything when he is amusing himself, but he is strengthening his brain that it may be better able to learn and to act when the good time comes. Is it not better to begin life with a good sound instrument, fit for the utmost duty its natural reach of power admits of, than with an enfeebled instrument which has only got a smattering of a great number of things it does not comprehend? Old and precise people like to see a quiet, grave child. In sober truth, there is nothing more alarming. It is almost sure to be an indication of some extraordinary quality of not a safe kind.

In bringing up children there are two extremes to be avoided. On the one hand, there is extravagant indulgence, vitiating the character almost before it has had time to show the first spring-flowers of its native innocence; on the other, austerity, ill-nature, and gloom, making all the May of life a November, checking the growth of the affections, and introducing distrust and fear where as yet unsuspecting confidence should reign.

We are indebted to *Public Opinion* for the following well-devised rules for spoiling a child:—1. Begin young by giving him whatever he cries for. 2. Talk freely before the child about his smartness as incomparable. 3. Tell him he is too much for you, that you can do nothing with him. 4. Have divided counsels as between father and mother. 5. Let him learn to regard his father as a creature of unlimited power, capricious and tyrannical; or as a mere whipping machine. 6. Let him learn (from his father's example) to despise his mother. 7. Do not know or care who his companions may be. 8. Let him read whatever he likes. 9. Let the child, whether boy or girl, rove the streets in the evenings—a good school for both sexes. 10. Devote yourself to making money, remembering always that wealth is a better legacy for your child than principles in the heart and habits in the life; and let him have plenty of money to spend. 11. Be not with him in hours of recreation. 12. Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; chastise severely for a foible, and laugh at a vice. 13. Let him run about from church to church; eclecticism in religion is the order of the day. 14. Whatever burdens of virtuous requirements you lay on his shoulders, touch not with one of your fingers. These rules are not untried. Many parents have proved them, with substantial uniformity of results. If a fathful observance of them does not spoil your child, you will at least have the comfortable reflection that you have done what you could.

"Enough," said Rasselas to Imlac; "you convince me that no man can ever be a poet." And truly, if we seriously

reflect on the duties of parenthood, we may conclude that, in this imperfect world, no one ever can be a good parent. Poor Margaret Fuller, recording in her diary the event of her child's birth, expressed a feeling of responsibility with which many parents can sympathize. "I am the mother of an immortal being! God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Was not the sense of her own unworthiness and incapacity for her sacred task the very best preparation for performing it well?

CHAPTER X.

VAINGLORIOUS HOUSEKEEPING.

"The tone of living in England is altogether too high. Middle-class people are too apt to live up to their incomes, if not beyond them; affecting a degree of 'style' which is most unhealthy in its effects upon society at large. There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being 'genteel.'"—*Smiles.*

IN early life Sydney Smith was very poor, but he contrived to put his poverty in such a humorous light, that it became a source of mirth rather than of misery. He had none of the false shame that more than anything else makes poverty bitter, and never shrank from saying "I can't afford it." How poor he was when living in Edinburgh, immediately after his marriage, is humorously expressed in the motto he suggested for the *Edinburgh Review*, then started by him in conjunction with his not less impoverished friends, Brougham and Jeffrey—*Tenui musam meditamur*

avena ("We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal"). In hopes of bettering his circumstances, he removed to London; but here, in spite of earnest endeavours to obtain employment, he remained poor for many years. But it was poverty in a form that was almost attractive. There was no *seeming* in his little household, substantial comfort—which he called the "grammar of life"—being always preferred to outward show. "Avoid shame, but do not seek glory; nothing so expensive as glory." This principle regulated every detail of his establishment. Some lectures he delivered at the Royal Institution enabled him to furnish a larger house, where he established little weekly suppers as centres of attraction to his ever-widening circle of friends. Nothing could be plainer than these suppers were, yet the host's 'feast of reason and flow of soul" drew all the most celebrated people of London to share his single dish. Young couples beginning life have it in their power to halve their anxieties and double their chance of happiness if they would resolve to act upon this principle—"Avoid shame, but do not seek glory." To try to keep up vainglorious appearances is most foolish—"your glorying is not good." It makes so-called friends laugh, and brings you into debt and every kind of difficulty. But this is a very common form of social evil. The world, we know, is deceived by ornament, and thinks more of the shadow than of the substance; accordingly, people of the let-us-be-genteel-or-die class overwork and overfret themselves to keep up appearances. Having food and raiment, they are not content unless they have a larger house than Mrs. So-and-so, a greater number of servants

than she is tyrannized over by, and give more entertainments, which are not "in a friendly way," but for the sake of arousing envy at supposed wealth. How much more free and happy people must have been

> "That time the sturdy English middle class
> Was not so fine as now; . . .
> Daughters and wives would wear a last year's gown
> Without a fume because the gay *beau monde*
> Had slashed its sleeves and clipped an inch of skirt.
> And housewives clung to old receipts, old ways
> Of ordering this and that, their mothers taught;
> And, most of all, eschewed the petty tricks
> Of show, to make the little seem the much."

Whether it be right to marry on £300 per annum is a question often debated in the middle class. Now, surely we could easily solve this problem, while fully sympathizing with the political economist's righteous indignation at imprudent marriages, if plain living and high thinking were considered as important as keeping up appearances. A married clerk receiving a salary of £200 or £300 a year is badly off—why? Because his wife, having obtained the usual education, or want of education, knows nothing useful, and would think it a degradation to free herself from the intolerable nuisance of bad servants by becoming her own "lady help," and doing at least some of her household work.

It is a great blessing to have been trained hardily. Hundreds of middle-class people are heavily handicapped in the race of life because they find it hard to do without luxuries which they can ill afford to buy, but which they would never have missed if they had not been accustomed to them in

childhood. This must become every year more apparent, because the classes that have hitherto had the monopoly of education have now to compete with the working-classes trained to privation for generations.

We cannot help being poor if we are luxurious, for "Want is a growing giant whom the coat of Have was never large enough to cover." "Why," asks a wit, "does the 'girl of the period' make the best housekeeper? Because she makes so much bustle about a little waist." Unfortunately this is not true of her housekeeping.

What an admirable manager of money was Mrs. Carlyle! "There was," writes Mr. Froude, "a discussion some years ago in the newspapers whether two people with the habits of a lady and a gentleman could live together in London on three hundred pounds a year. Mrs. Carlyle, who often laughed about it while it was going on, will answer the question. No one who visited the Carlyles could tell whether they were poor or rich. There were no signs of extravagance, but also none of poverty. The drawing-room arrangements were exceptionally elegant. The furniture was simple, but solid and handsome; everything was scrupulously clean; everything good of its kind; and there was an air of ease, as of a household living within its means. Mrs. Carlyle was well dressed always. Her admirable taste would make the most of inexpensive materials; but the materials themselves were of the very best. Carlyle himself generally kept a horse. They travelled, they visited, they were always generous and open-handed." All this was done on an income of not quite four hundred pounds. Of course Carlyle,

as well as his wife, was imbued with Scotch thrift, showing itself in hatred of waste. If he saw a crust of bread on the roadway, he would stop to pick it up, and put it on a step or a railing. "Some poor creature might be glad of it, or at worst a dog or a sparrow. To destroy wholesome food is a sin."

There are thousands of women in these islands who cannot marry. But, why cannot they marry? Because they have false notions about respectability. So long as the miserable and polluting idleness of a merely novel-reading existence is supposed to keep up appearances better than paying one's reckoning at life's feast by useful work; so long as wearing dresses which a husband cannot afford is more fashionable than cooking a dinner or sweeping a floor, so long will eligible young men prudently decline the famous advice, "Marry early; yes, marry early—and marry often!"

A gentleman married an Irish servant girl and gave as his reason that if he married in his own sphere, he must keep a girl for his wife's service, so he married the girl instead.

"But that's servant's work!" Mr. Ruskin will answer this objection for us. "Of course it is. What business have you to hope to be better than a servant of servants? 'God made you a lady'? Yes, He has put you, that is to say, in a position in which you may learn to speak your own language beautifully; to be accurately acquainted with the elements of other languages; to behave with grace, tact, and sympathy to all around you; to know the history of your country, the commands of its religion, and the duties of its race. If you obey His will in learning these things, you will

obtain the power of becoming a true 'lady'; and you will become one if, while you learn these things, you set yourself, with all the strength of your youth and womanhood, to serve His servants, until the day come when He calls you, to say, 'Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

You may thus become a Christ's lady, or you may, if you will, become a Belial's lady, taking Belial's gift of miserable idleness, living on the labour and shame of others, and deceiving them and yourself by lies.

When Cobbett was a soldier in America, it was his habit to take a walk before breakfast on a hill near the barracks. One morning, as he was passing the door of a sergeant-major of artillery, when it was scarcely light, he saw the sergeant's daughter scrubbing a washing-tub on the snow. "That is the girl for me!" he exclaimed, and subsequent events proved the wisdom of his choice. Probably the majority of men think, with Cobbett, that "women, so amiable in themselves, are never so amiable as when they are useful," or, in other words, that a woman best keeps up appearances when she shows herself ready to put her hand to any work that may benefit those nearest and dearest to her.

How often do we hear the phrases—"What will the world say?"—"Perhaps; but, then, we live in the world." This "world" is at once the idol and the *bête noire* of multitudes during their existence. They are in subjugation to fashion from the day when baby's first wardrobe must be of the most extravagant description, costing almost as much as mamma's absurdly expensive marriage outfit, down to the day when

they are carried to their rest in coffins more costly than comfortable—at least to those who must pay for them—under a proper amount of feathers, and accompanied by a customary number of professional mourners, looking ghastly respectable in their trappings and suits of woe. The manly motto of the Keiths, Earls Mareschal of Scotland—"They say; what say they? Let them say"—has given place to—"They say. Oh, do they say so? Then we shall or we sha'n't do it."

A popular authoress tells us that a young lady once asked her, "Do you think that Henry and I ought to marry upon less than four hundred a year?" "No, certainly, my dear; because you marry for so many people's benefit besides your own. How, for instance, could your acquaintance bear to see moreen curtains, instead of the blue and silver damask you were talking of? And how could you give those charming little dinner-parties, which you say are indispensable to one in your position, without three servants, or a boy in buttons as well? Nay, if you went into society at all, of the kind you now keep, a fifth of Henry's annual income would melt away in dresses, bouquets, and white kid gloves. No, my dear girl; I can by no means advise *you* to marry upon less than four hundred a year." We should think not indeed.

And yet society will stand a great amount of "eccentricity" from anybody who takes the bull by the horns, too fearless or too indifferent to think of consequences. But, instead of doing this, people run into debt rather than use an article of dress or furniture a year behind the *mode;* give a ball and stint the family dinner for a month after; take a large house, and furnish handsome reception rooms, while their house-

nolds huddle together anyhow in untidy attic bed-chambers. They prefer this to stating plainly, by word or manner, "My income is so much a year; it will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate; it will not keep comfortably both my family and acquaintances; therefore, excuse my preferring the comfort of my family to the entertainment of my acquaintances; and, society, if you choose to look in upon us, you must just take us as we are, without pretences of any kind, or you may leave us alone to enjoy your absence." If in this way young people would bravely say on certain occasions "we can't afford it," and would realize the truth that the laughter of fools is of no more consequence than "the crackling of thorns under a pot," they would be much more likely to be happy in their domestic life.

CHAPTER XI.

KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

"Time was, when in English life, the comedy of 'Every Man in his Humour' was daily enacted among us; but now the poor French word, French in every sense, '*Qu'en dira-t-on?*' spellbinds us all, and we have nothing for it but to drill and cane each other into one uniform, regimental 'nation of gentlemen.'"—*Carlyle.*

"I hold the constant regard we pay, in all our actions, to the judgment of others, as the poison of our peace, our reason, and our virtue. . . . He who differs from the world in important matters should the more carefully conform to it in indifferent ones."—*Richter.*

APPEARANCES may be kept up in a right or a wrong way, and from a high or a low motive. Few people can afford to disregard appearances. A man must be very rich, very clever, or very useful to be privileged to wear an old familiar coat and a "shocking bad hat." Ordinary people by being shabby may lose a hundred times the cost

of a good suit of clothes. Employers like the people in their employment to keep up appearances by dressing well. If you are anxious to keep in a good situation, dress well.

> "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy."

When a man in receipt of a good salary dresses badly, it excites suspicion as much as extravagance in his amusements and great display in dress. In one case he is suspected of spending his own money ill, in the other of using that of his employer. Those who keep up appearances get more assistance of every kind. It is easier to borrow ten or twenty pounds in a good suit of clothes than five shillings in an old coat and shabby hat. "The apparel oft proclaims the man." Strangers must form their opinion of strangers from outward and visible signs. We may reconsider our verdicts upon further acquaintance; but, in the absence of this, what can we think when first introduced to a man except "appearances are against him," or "I like his look"? We can scarcely lose self-respect and hopefulness so long as we manage to keep up appearances.

It was a clever woman who remarked that the consciousness of being well dressed conferred a serenity not to be derived from any other cause. The little child who was asked by her mother why she wasn't good, "like Julia," spoke unconsciously a great moral truth when she replied: "Perhaps I should be if my dress had little pink bows all over it."

"Rub up your brasses, Sally," said a husband to a wife,

who being, when first married, clean and orderly, was degenerating into a slattern, and failing to keep up appearances within the pretty cottage. Every wife may find "brasses to rub up;" and if her own spirits are gloomy enough at times, and things go wrong, she may at any rate keep the externals about her bright for the sake of husband and children.

"Brush your hair, and then things won't look so bad," was the homely advice given by an old friend to a woman whose husband had lost money by the failure of a bank, and who could not see the force of the wife sitting untidy and dishevelled, with unswept floor and untidy hearth, and unprepared dinner, because this calamity had happened.

An old colonel, who once commanded a crack cavalry regiment, told the writer with pride that his men used to look as if they believed that the whole town belonged to them. This was keeping up the appearance of the regiment. If you carry yourself as if you had a thousand pounds at your command, many defects and blemishes will remain unnoticed. Here is an incident taken from "Six Months in the Ranks; or, The Gentleman Private," which illustrates the effect, or want of effect, of not keeping up appearances. "One evening," writes the Gentleman Private, "I had gone into a shop at Sheerness to make some purchases, when I saw a mild-looking, elderly gentleman standing by the counter, while two young ladies, evidently his daughters were buying something. I paid no particular attention to him, and he made no remark to me. When he had gone out with his daughters, the shopwoman laughed and asked

me if I did not know my own colonel. 'Was that the colonel? I never saw him before. I shouldn't have taken him for an officer, though, by his shabby hat and old Inverness.' 'I wondered why you didn't salute him. He doesn't dress very well, but he's a very nice gentleman.'"

The same writer relates how a well-conducted fellow-soldier, who had fallen from the position of an officer, never got the chance of again rising, because "he always hanged down his head, and people are accustomed to treat a man much according to the respect which he shows for himself." "Why the doose do he hold 'is 'ead down like that?" asked the sergeant-major, angrily. "As he's been an officer he ought to know how to be'ave 'isself better. What use 'ud he be as a non-commissioned officer if he didn't dare look 'is men in the face? If a man wants to be a soldier, I say, let him cock his chin up, switch his stick about a bit, and give a crack over the 'ead to anybody who comes foolin' round 'im, else he migh' just as well be a Methodist parson."

The chorus of a well-known song describes a class of people who deserve not a little sympathy and respect—

> "Too proud to beg, too honest to steal,
> We know what it is to be wanting a meal;
> Our tatters and rags we try to conceal;
> We belong to the 'shabby genteel.'"

The struggles of such persons to conceal their tatters and rags, and generally to keep up appearances, are very pathetic and very praiseworthy; and yet they receive but little encouragement, for so-called philanthropists and careless

almsgivers are frequently guilty of the cruelty of fostering the good-for-nothing at the expense of the good. When they enter a house empty of everything except filth, or see a beggar in rags, their hearts and purses open. Professional mendicants, understanding this, keep up the appearance of poverty—the "trappings and signs of woe." Not so the hard-working and deserving poor. They may "have that within which passeth show"—sad hearts and hungry stomachs—but they brush their threadbare clothes, polish their soleless shoes, and do all in their power to keep up appearances.

How often do we seem to ourselves to be keeping up appearances in the best possible way when we are doing the reverse! We do not see ourselves as others see us. A story is told of the painter Zeuxis, how he reproved a certain high priest of Great Diana of the Ephesians, who discoursed of pictures in the artist's studio with so reckless an audacity of ignorance, that the very lads who were grinding colours could not refrain from giggling, whereupon Zeuxis said to his too eloquent friend, "As long as you kept from talking you were the admiration of these boys, who were all wonder at your rich attire and the number of your servants; but now that you have ventured to expatiate upon the arts of which you know nothing, they are laughing at you outright."

Silence may hide ignorance, and often keeps up appearances much better than speech. Denouncing the vapid verbiage of shallow praters, Carlyle exclaims, "Even Triviality and Imbecility that can sit silent, how respectable

are they in comparison!" It was said of one who was taken for a great man so long as he held his peace, "This man might have been a councillor of state till he spoke; but having spoken, not the beadle of a ward."

> "Oh, my Antonio, I do know of those,
> That therefore only are reputed wise
> For saying nothing."

There is often considerable difference of opinion as to the best mode of keeping up appearances. A bricklayer once came into a witness box to give evidence in his shirt-sleeves. "Really, witness," said the judge, "you ought to have made yourself more respectable-looking before coming into court. You might at least have put on a coat." "My lord," was the ready answer, "if it comes to that, I am just as properly dressed as yourself. You came into court with gown and wig, which are your working clothes, and I have come in mine."

A dishonest keeping up of appearances in business is becoming too common. If this continue, it will ruin Britain's commercial reputation, and make her cease to be "Great." "Go into any shop," said Carlyle to a friend, "and ye'll find it all one enormous lie. The country is going to perdition at a frightful pace. I give it about fifty years to accomplish its fall." Appearances are kept up, but things are not what they seem. Shoddy is sold for good cloth. Wines which are chemically composed in England keep up the appearance of being the juice of grapes grown in France. The prices marked on articles in shop windows are lower

than those charged inside. "Great selling off sales at less than cost price," where things are said to go for nothing, and you are even promised a "present" with each purchase, are, to speak plainly, humbug. The appearance of allowing discount is kept up in some places by first adding to the price and then subtracting from it the supposed allowance.

It is true that buyers must share with sellers the responsibility of "tricks in trade." If there are many "sharps" in the world, it is because there are so many "flats." If purchasers so far deceive themselves as to think that anything is really cheap, and that "bargains" are possible, shopkeepers will pretend to make great sacrifices, and try to keep up the appearance of giving things for almost nothing. Why should a thing be sold below its value? A really honest purchaser would refuse to accept an article at a price less than he knows it to be worth. Those who desire "bargains" have no right to complain if they are themselves "sold" into the bargain. If every brick in the flimsy houses that sham architecture is running up in our large towns "is a lie," it is unfair to lay on the builders all the blame. Supply is produced by demand. People with small incomes insist upon having cheap houses in imitation of a style which can only be built with good materials at a considerable cost. They have their reward, and can rejoice in keeping up appearances at the expense of damp walls, smoky chimneys, and defective drainage.

"Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

On the other hand, when England or any other country

becomes false, when so long as a thing looks well all is considered well, when keeping up appearances is common and putting conscience into work rare—the land where this has become "tyrant custom" is under a cloud, and from out the cloud the voice of Eternal Justice will soon be heard to thunder—Ichabod, "The Glory is departed." Keeping up appearances, when the truth is not in us, cannot last very much longer than a child's game of make-believe. It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other.

CHAPTER XII.

ABOUT READING.

"A natural turn for reading and intellectual pursuits probably preserved me from the moral shipwreck, so apt to befall those who are deprived in early life of the paternal pilotage. At the very least, my books kept me aloof from the ring, the dog-pit, the tavern, and the saloon, with their degrading orgies. Later experience enables me to depose to the comfort and blessing that literature can prove in seasons of sickness and sorrow. . . . My *burden* has been greatly lightened by *a load of books*. The manner of this will be best understood from a feline illustration. Everybody has heard of the two Kilkenny cats, who devoured each other; but it is not so generally known that they left behind them an orphan kitten, which, true to the breed, began to eat itself up, till it was diverted from the operation by a mouse. Now, the human mind, under vexation, is like that kitten, for it is apt to *prey upon itself*, unless drawn off by a new object; and none better for the purpose than a book."—*Hood.*

ITHOUT deciding what are the hundred best books, we may be quite sure that the man or woman is happy who has a taste for reading. It guards from low company and fleshly sin; it smoothes the bed of sickness; it dries insensibly the tears of bereavement; on a voyage it may

prevent our thinking of sea-sickness; it beguiles the weary hours of penal servitude; it is, after true religion and love, Heaven's best gift to man. Evil spirits, in the Middle Ages, were driven away by "bell, book, and candle;"—you want but two of these, the book and the candle.

Confucius described himself as a man who, "in his eager pursuit of knowledge, forgot his food; who, in his joy of its attainment, forgot his sorrows, and did not even perceive that old age was coming on."

"If," said Fénélon, "the riches of both Indies, if the crowns of all the kingdoms of Europe were laid at my feet, in exchange for my love of reading, I would spurn them all." This love of reading is sometimes found in unexpected quarters. Imagine the surprise of the librarian of the Coventry Free Library when a chimney-sweep sends for the first volume of Grote's "History of Greece." Is he justified in putting a costly book into hands so far from clean? Is there any mistake as to the spelling of the subject? His anxiety is succeeded by relief when in due time the first volume is returned without marks of any kind; and by surprise when the second and each of the twelve in succession is duly taken out and read. "The true university of these days is a collection of books," and there is no reason why sweeps, like other respectable people, should not graduate in it. Thanks to Free Libraries, and the greater facilities that now exist for cheap publishing, the whole range of English literature is open to almost any working man who cares to get at it. And we think that the great readers of the next generation will be, not our lawyers or doctors,

shopkeepers or manufacturers, but the labourer and mechanic. The former work mainly with their heads, which are too exhausted for reading, and whatever leisure time they have must be devoted to air and exercise. The labourer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides being occupied often for much shorter hours, have in their work-time taken sufficient bodily exercise, and can therefore give any leisure they have to reading and study.

Book readers, however, are few as compared with those who read the newspaper. What an instrument of education it is! A nation with many papers and magazines must be well informed, their circulation can almost be taken as an exponent of its intelligence. Not only does a first-class journal contain a record of events, but the best thought of the day. What a noted man may say to-night to a small audience, to-morrow will be read by millions all over the land. The substance of whole volumes is published frequently long before its appearance in book form. Much of the best poetry, romance, biography, criticism, discussion of every subject and information on every topic appears in our newspapers and magazines; and scholars and men of science, as well as general readers, must read them or be left behind.

Loving reading ourselves, and rejoicing to see the habit generally prevailing, we desire to point out certain faults and weaknesses that ought to be guarded against by the "general reader." The bad habit most commonly indulged in by readers of the present day is what may be called book-tippling. It is a vice as destructive of the health of our minds as taking "nips" all through the day is of our bodily health. One

knows people who are heavy and stupid from undigested learning as others are from overfulness. For the last few years the annual production of new books in Great Britain has been at the rate of from two to three thousand. How many of all these must I read in order to keep abreast with the age? How shall I choose the good and refuse the evil and worthless? In reference to this enormous issue from the teeming press, it is a consoling thought that many new books may be passed over without any loss. Indeed we can hardly read too little of them. They are not written by thinkers, and therefore they cannot awaken thought. "There are men," says Cervantes, "who will make you books and turn them loose in the world with as much despatch as they would a dish of fritters." Busy people, who have no time for such reading, miss no instruction.

We would suggest that it is more improving to read a few standard works, and to read them over and over until they have entered into our souls, than to skim over all the new books of the season only to discover from personal expe-ience that they are not worth reading. Leave it to the intellectually indolent to devour without digestion each newest thing in literature. From the old familiar faces of a few choice books that, like true friends, have made us more enlightened and more hopeful, thinking minds will learn most. Such a book should be always at hand to take up in odd moments. If we only keep company with the best books we shall have time to give an hour every day—and as far as possible it should be at the same hour—to such reading, and in reference to intellectual food, "a little at a time taker

regularly" is a good rule. It is, however, a great mistake, when establishing a popular library, to choose books of too thoughtful or solid a character. It is vain to go on the principle of collecting books that people ought to read, and afterwards trying to coax them to read them. The only practical method is to begin by supplying books that people already want to read and afterwards to do whatever shall be found possible to elevate their reading tastes. A habit of reading is more necessary than any particular line of reading, because it is the one indispensable previous requisite.

Reading for display is a great hindrance to intellectual progress. The genuine reader has very little sympathy with those who look into books just to have to say that they read them, who use them as some men do lords—learn their titles and then brag of their acquaintance. To such persons it is as necessary that a book should be new as that it should be bound in coloured cloth. Recommend to them the best book that came out last year, and it will be deemed too antiquated. They will say, "We had that long ago; I want a *new* book." They would as soon wear a coat of a pattern fifty years old as read a book in the least old-fashioned. Certainly reading from any motive is better than satisfied ignorance, but to read for ostentation is a motive morally and intellectually unsound. Morally, it is an affectation of interest we do not feel. Intellectually, it is no more knowledge than what is "crammed" for an examination is knowledge. The conversation of a man who reads for improvement or pleasure will be flavoured by his reading; but it will not be about his reading.

On no subject has the opinion of serious people changed of late years more than on that of novel-reading. Religious people, like Lord Macaulay's father, believed that it was almost wicked to read even a good novel. In Trevelyan's "Life of Lord Macaulay," these words of his sister are quoted in reference to the books read in her father's household. "Poetry and novels, except during Tom's holidays, were forbidden in the daytime, and stigmatized as 'drinking drams in the morning.'" Mr. Macaulay disapproved of novel-reading, but, too indulgent to insist on having his own way in any but essential matters, he lived to see himself the head of a family in which novels were more read and better remembered than in any household of the United Kingdom. The first warning of the troubles that were in store for him was an anonymous letter, addressed to him as editor of *The Christian Observer*, defending works of fiction, and eulogizing Fielding and Smollett. This he incautiously inserted in his periodical and brought down upon himself the most violent objurgations from scandalized contributors, one of whom informed the public that he had committed the obnoxious number to the flames and should cease to take in the magazine.

To read novels in the hours that should be devoted to study or business is certainly as bad as drinking drams in the morning. Most people, however, have now come to the conclusion that, in their place, works of fiction are of use in taking us out of ourselves, in showing us how others live, in feeding those imaginative faculties which God has given us to increase our enjoyment. The novel may be a

blessing to those in distress as great as is chloroform. To please is to serve; and so far from its being difficult to instruct while you amuse, it is difficult to do the one thoroughly without the other.

But obeying the rule to "choose an author as we would a friend," we should avoid those novels after reading which we rise up worse rather than better men. The books to be shunned are those which make us discontented with our lot in life; which induce us to think lightly of crime and sin by giving nice names to ugly things; which suggest unclean thoughts and rouse unholy passions which are profane and irreverent. As the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so it is from the effect that a book has on us that we can pronounce it to be good or bad. What injury we may receive from even a moment with a bad book!

A lad once showed to another a book full of words and pictures of impurity. He only had it in his hands for a few moments. Later on in life he held high office in the Church, and years and years afterwards told a friend that he would have given half he possessed had he never seen it, for its impure images, at the most holy times, would sometimes arise unbidden to his mind.

When one visits a large library like that of the British Museum the enormous number of books bewilders. How, we think, can they all be used? If a reader were to go from one book to another as a bee from flower to flower he would gain very little knowledge. The mere book-taster is as ignorant of literature as the globe-trotter is of the countries through which he rushes just to have to say that he was

in them. When many books are at our disposal, the best way is, discarding all other subjects, to read up that one in which we are most interested. It is much more profitable to read everything we can about something, than to read something about everything. Each reader will perhaps choose best his own method, but he who cannot be called a methodical reader in any sense will remain

> "The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
> With loads of learned lumber in his head."

And this plan of reading up one special subject of interest at a time enables us to remember what we read. We retain longest in memory what we attend to most, and our attention is seldom given where we are uninterested. This is the element of truth in that advice of Dr. Johnson, which should be carefully concealed from the ordinary schoolboy. "For general improvement, a man should read whatever his immediate inclination prompts him to; though, to be sure, if a man has a science to learn, he must regularly and resolutely advance. What we read with inclination makes a strong impression. If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but half to be employed on what we read." We should from time to time make an analysis of the books we read. A glance at this will recall to memory the substance of them. Besides, if reading makes a "full man," writing is required to make him "exact." After closing a book, if we attempt to write an account of it we shall generally find that all we have gained is a general impression. The habit of writing

notes and analyses of our reading teaches accuracy, by forcing us to enter into particulars and avoid vague generalities.

What to read; how to read; where to obtain books—these are very practical questions at the present time. What is the use of teaching every one to read unless facility for obtaining books and guidance in the choice of them are also provided? Indeed, if bad books and periodicals are much more easily procured than wholesome ones, the spread of education is a questionable advantage. Board Schools must therefore be supplemented by the establishment of free public libraries on a large scale. Nor are we from this point of view to esteem less than very great benefactors of our race those Apostles of Light who first introduced cheap literature of an innocent, and reverse of "penny dreadful," description.

Great readers ought to be on their guard against the error of despising and rejecting the many means of culture that exist apart from books. Far too much value is often attached to reading as a means of cultivation. Perhaps, indeed, there were almost as many wise people when reading was a rare accomplishment as there are now. When book-writers did not think for "the people," probably more persons thought for themselves. "Books," said Socrates, "cannot be interrogated, cannot answer; therefore they cannot teach. We can only learn from them what we knew before." This may be an exaggerated statement, but the truth it contains should be noted by those readers who refuse to learn or believe anything unless they see it in print.

Is not this equivalent to shutting our own eyes and getting another to see for us? We should never despair of self-culture, because we cannot be great readers, for experience and observation, rather than books, are our best instructors.

A young lady who asked Carlyle what books she should read received the following answer: "Read me, read Goethe, and if you will be a good girl, and feel a call to do so, read all the good books you can come at; and carefully *avoid* (like poison) all the bad, so far as you can discriminate them, which will be more and more, the more faithfully you try. Happy is he (still more is she) who has got to know a bad book by the very flavour, and to fly from it (and from the base, vain, and unprofitable soul that wrote it) as from a thing requiring to be left at once to leeward! And let me tell you further, pretty little Juliette, reading, even of the best, is but one of the sources of wisdom, and by no manner of means the most important. The most important, all-including, is, that you love wisdom loyally in your heart of hearts, and that wherever you learn from a book or elsewhere a thing credibly *wise*, you *don't* lose time in calling or thinking it 'wise,' but proceed at once to see how, with your best discernment, energy, and caution, you can manage to *do* it! That is the rule of rules: that latter. May your years be many, and bright with modest nobleness; 'happy' enough they will be in such case—and so adieu, my pretty child.—Yours truly, T. CARLYLE."

We conclude with advice given by two very bookish men on this subject of reading. "Books are pleasant," says Montaigne, "but if by being over studious we impair our

health, and spoil our good-humour, two of the best pieces we have, let us give it over; I for my part am one of those who think that no fruit derived from them can recompense so great a loss." Lord Bacon well sums up in these words: "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few are to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention." There is nothing to add to this except that some books (probably including the present one) are to be thrown into the fire.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONVERSATION.

"Would you both please, and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue;
Hear every man upon his favourite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight."

—*Stillingfleet.*

"It appears to me, that since I have been sitting here, I have heard a great deal of vain and unprofitable conversation."—*Commencement of Cobbett's first speech in Parliament.*

IT is frequently remarked that the art of conversation is lost; that everything is printed nowadays and nothing said; that such good talkers and good listeners as Dr. Johnson and his friends are extinct creatures. We do not think that these laments are justified. It is of course true that the printing-press has in a measure superseded the

tongue, but not altogether; for the living voice of man has a power of charming and influencing that can never be exercised by dead letters. It is true we do not now make a business of conversation and stake our reputation on a *mot*, as did Dr. Johnson's contemporaries; but perhaps this fact increases rather than diminishes the charm of modern talk. It is more simple and natural, less dogmatic and egotistical. In our pleasant chats at afternoon teas and tennis-parties we can well dispense with stilted lectures of the "Sir, said Dr. Johnson" type. But though we are by no means destitute of conversational powers, there are certain rules as regards talking which should be better observed in our social intercourse. First, we must distinguish between conversation and talkativeness, which last is, according to Bishop Butler, a "disposition to be talking, abstracted from the consideration of what is said, with very little or no regard to, or thought of doing, either good or harm." The good man's patience almost forsakes him when he thinks of what he has often had to endure from vain, empty, tiresome talkers, who took advantage of his silence in order to indulge their own loquacity. He thus speaks in his famous sermon on the government of the tongue:

"The Wise Man observes that there is a time to speak and a time to keep silence. One meets with people in the world who seem never to have made the last of these observations. And yet these great talkers do not at all speak from their having anything to say, as every sentence shows, but only from their inclination to be talking. Their conversation is merely an exercise of the tongue; no other

human faculty has any share in it. It is strange these persons can help reflecting that unless they have in truth a superior capacity, and are in an extraordinary manner furnished for conversation, if they are entertaining, it is at their own expense. Is it possible that it should never come into people's thoughts to suspect whether or no it be to their advantage to show so very much of themselves? 'O that you would altogether hold your peace, and it should be your wisdom.'"

It is said that Swift, at an evening party, on one occasion retired to a corner of the room and commenced noting down the talk of the company. Being asked what he was doing, he produced the verbatim report of the conversation which had just taken place. Each speaker felt lamentably chagrined at the superficial and trifling character of his utterances. But the conversation of great talkers is seldom only superficial and trifling. A Frenchman, speaking of a person known to his comrades, said, "His mouth costs him nothing, for he always opens it at the expense of others." This is the natural consequence of talkativeness. As people cannot go on for ever talking of nothing, when impersonal matters are wanting, or are thought less piquant, they begin to speak of persons, which means defamation, scandal, divulging of secrets. Even when they speak well of any one, these babblers do harm, for their exaggerated and fanciful speech "destroys and perverts a certain equity of the utmost importance to society to be observed—namely, that praise and dispraise, a good or bad character, should always be bestowed according to desert."

Nor are great talkers long before they swerve from truth, or at least from strict accuracy of statement. When they have exhausted their stock of facts they invent in order to keep up the interest of their talk; and, when they have heard the least imperfect hint, they add the circumstances of time and place and other matters to make out their story, and give the appearance of probability to it. In a row of twelve houses, the lady at No. 1 mentioned at table one day that her old friends, the Baileys, were coming in a few days to see her. The servant at No. 1 told it in the afternoon to the servant at No. 2; and the servant at No. 2 told it to the servant at No. 3, only changing the word Baileys to bailiffs: "No. 1 are expecting the bailiffs soon." It is always easy to find reasons for anything; so Nos. 4 and 5 gave the explanation: it was because the master of No. 1 was so dreadfully extravagant. But extravagance is not generally a solitary sin, so the servants at Nos. 6 and 7 had no difficulty in making the slight addition that he treated his wife so badly. No. 8 reported that the wife was very ill, and when the report got to No. 12 the bailiffs were said to have arrived and taken full possession. And the remains of so tragic a story every imaginative reader can finish for himself.

It is far safer, then, to avoid personalities in our conversation. But this is by no means an easy thing to do; for the love of personalities is almost universal—a love seen in the child who asks you to tell him a story, meaning thereby somebody's adventure; a love testified by the interest adults take in reading biographies; a love gratified by police reports

court news, divorce cases, accounts of accidents, and lists of births, marriages, and deaths; a love displayed even by conversations in the street, where fragments of dialogue heard in passing show that mostly between men, and always between women, the personal pronouns recur every instant. Having this lively interest in our neighbours' affairs, we can with difficulty avoid gossiping about them. But the habit is nevertheless dangerous. It creates enemies, and separates friends. We meet an acquaintance in the street from whom we parted but yesterday on the most friendly terms. We wonder why we are passed by with an infinitesimally small nod of acknowledgment, or perhaps with no recognition at all. If we deem it worth while to investigate the cause of this coldness, we shall generally discover that some one has been biassing the mind of our friend against us. A few rash words will set a family, a neighbourhood, a nation by the ears; they have often done so. Half the lawsuits and half the wars have been brought about by talking about people instead of about things. "Where no wood is, there the fire goeth out: so where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth."

This sort of personal talk is not only wrong but stupid. It is generally indulged in by persons devoid of brains, education, and culture. People who read and think, prefer to talk of ideas and things. They live in a high intellectual atmosphere, where chit-chat about their neighbours' incomes, quarrels, dress, and servants—the little wearisome jealousies of Mr. or Mrs. A—— in reference to Mr. or Mrs. B—— does not enter.

The temptation to sin against good-nature and good taste in conversation for the sake of raising a laugh and gaining admiration is a very strong one in the case of those who have been gifted with wit and humour. But it is the abuse of these noble gifts rather than their use that leads astray. On this point we may quote the following words: "When wit," says Sydney Smith, "is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it; who can be witty, and something more than witty; who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature."

If we would be agreeable and improving companions, we must be good listeners as well as good talkers, and carefully observe certain occasions of silence. "The occasions of silence," says Bishop Butler, "are obvious—namely, when a man has nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid; better either in regard to some particular persons he is present with, or from its being an interruption to conversation of a more agreeable kind; or better, lastly, with regard to himself."

Nowhere is there room for the display of good manners so much as in conversation. It is a part of good manners not to talk too much. Remembering that the first syllable of the word conversation is con (with), that it means talking *with* another, we should abstain from lecturing, and be as ready to listen as to talk. Our anecdote or sharp reply will

keep, or need not find utterance at all; so we are not under the necessity of interrupting our companion, and voting him by our looks a bore, or at least an interruption to our own much better remarks. But besides the rule, that we should not be impatient to get in our word, that a few brilliant flashes of *silence* should occur in our conversation, another rule is, not to take for our theme—ourselves. We must remember that, as a rule, we and our concerns can be of no more importance to other men than they and their concerns are to us.

Every one will understand from painful experience what is meant by a bore, though it is not very easy to describe the creature. A bore is a heavy, pompous, meddling person who harps on one string, occupies an undue share of conversation, and says things in ten words which required only two; all the time being evidently convinced that he is making a great impression. "It is easy," says Sydney Smith, "to talk of carnivorous animals and beasts of prey; but does such a man, who lays waste a whole party of civilized beings by prosing, reflect upon the joys he spoils and the misery he creates in the course of his life? and that any one who listens to him through politeness, would prefer toothache or earache to his conversation? Does he consider the extreme uneasiness which ensues when the company have discovered a man to be an extremely absurd person, at the same time that it is absolutely impossible to convey to the terrible being, by words or manner, the most distant suspicion of the discovery? And then, who punishes this bore? What sessions and what assizes for him? When the judges have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds, the

sheep-stealer disappears, the swindler has been committed to penal servitude. But after twenty years of crime, the bore is discovered in the same house, in the same attitude, eating the same soup, still untried, unpunished."

A youthful compositor, in setting some "copy," came to the sentence: "—— didn't say a word for an hour," the first word having been cut off in clipping from the paper where it first appeared. He took it to the foreman to supply the word. "What shall I put in there?" he asked, when the foreman read it. "Put in 'he,' of course; you don't suppose 'she' would fit in such a sentence as that, do you?" was the answer.

In all ages, women's conversation has been made a subject for ridicule. They are said to talk too much, to have venomous spiteful tongues, to be addicted to nagging, to disdain argumentation and even sense in their talk. For ourselves we believe that the sins of the tongue are committed about equally by both sexes. Of course women have more talking to do than men have, for social intercourse is mainly indebted to them for its existence. And their desire to please in society may sometimes tempt women to talk too much; if, indeed, there can be too much of conversation so sympathetic, humorous, and full of nice distinctions as is that of women whom all agree to call "charming." Let not the cynic, who, if he has himself never said a foolish thing, has perhaps never done a wise one, quote, in reference to the conversation of such women, Pope's lines:

> "Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
> Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

What are and what are not "women's rights," is a point much disputed; but that it is their duty to cultivate the art of conversation, none will question. But as the hearts of women are kind and sympathetic, so have they no excuse for crushing little sensibilities, violating little proprieties, and overlooking little discriminations; in a word, for committing those faults which make the conversation of ill-natured people so dispiriting and painful.

The aim of every talker should be never to be long and never to be wrong. And the only way we can approximate to this perfection of sociableness is to cultivate both our heads and hearts. The conversation of really cultured people is never vulgar and never empty; more than this, it is free from envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.

CHAPTER XIV.

OUR SHAKESPERIAN READINGS.

"The Play's the thing."—*Hamlet*, Act ii. Sc. 2.
"Well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion."—*Ibid.*

THE conversation of the society of a provincial town, such as that in which I am now writing, is too often stale, flat, and unprofitable. It is stale and flat because we live in little sets, seeing the same faces every day, and using nearly the same words. And our words are very often unprofitable, and even mischievous, because they are, as a rule, spoken in reference to persons. It is a garrison town, and the writer lives in a military set. Here, scarcely anything is talked of except personalities. A regiment is such a small world, that it is impossible to indulge in the luxury of privacy. Every one knows too much of every one. The amount of money possessed by each officer, and the last new dress of his wife, are as well known to his companions as the regimental facings. At last we wearied of

grinding out the same tunes, as on a barrel organ, about our neighbours' concerns. Rightly or wrongly, we fancied we had a small amount of intellectual power over and above that possessed by an organ-grinder's monkey. "Why, then," we ask ourselves, "should our visits to each other be so wearisome and so unworthy of cultured, or even of half-cultured, beings?" We had, of course, all read Shakespere in our youth; but might it not be as well to read again the "myriad-minded poet"? One lady, who had some organizing ability, started a Shakesperian reading-club.

In this chapter we propose to give an account of our struggles towards the light of rational sociability, out of the wearisome darkness of tittle-tattle gossiping. In large cities mental food can easily be obtained. We desire to encourage those who live in small provincial towns and country places to make bricks, even without straw—to endeavour to amuse and edify one another, even though they live far from any great centre of culture and education.

Only six persons were present at our first reading. Many others promised to come, but at the last moment their courage failed them. "They never could read aloud. They would come and listen; but for anything else they were quite afraid to venture." Nor was this diffidence surprising when we considered how much neglected is the art of reading aloud, than which no accomplishment is more social and eminently useful. "Hamlet" was the first play operated upon. Two members of the club made a selection of the parts to be read, taking care that their "elegant extracts" could be read in about two hours.

After a good deal of tittering on the part of the first readers we got fairly started, and the reading was so much better than we expected, that "to be, or not to be" was no longer the question with our club, especially after that soliloquy had been very effectively given. When half the play was read through, we had tea and talk for ten minutes. During this time, jokes were made about the ghost—"Alas, poor ghost!"—and different opinions put forward as to the correct emphasis to be given to the several words in the line—

"To be, or not to be; that is the question."

The conversation that occupied these ten minutes was very good. The readers had been bottled up, so to speak, and when they did give vent to their thoughts and feelings, it was in a sparkling, lively flow of talk. Our reading supplied a text from which we considerably departed, for we discussed many subjects—for the most part, however, as became rational beings, which would not have been the case if there had been only talking and no reading.

Our reading party met every week at the houses of the several members. From the small beginning already mentioned it has become greatly enlarged, and three other Shakesperian Readings (suggested by our experiment) have been started in the neighbourhood, and there is a perceptible improvement in the society of our town. People have something else than mere talk to occupy them when they meet their friends. Vulgar gossip about neighbours' concerns is less indulged in, and reputations no longer die at every word, wink, and nod. Boswell was, according to Dr.

Johnson, "the best travelling companion in the world." For such a purpose, readiness to make talk at all hazards is a high recommendation. "If, sir, you were shut up in a castle and a new-born baby with you, what would you do?" is one of his questions to Johnson, *à propos* of nothing. Those who have not this capacity for talking about nothing will appreciate Shakesperian Readings as being helps at any rate to keep the ball of society rolling without having to make talk at all hazards themselves. Occasionally recitations from Tennyson are given by different members, and charades have been substituted at some houses for readings. The end aimed at is to raise social intercourse to a higher level by giving people something besides gossip to think and speak of. We hear much of the elevation of the working classes; but those who have been gifted with social talents are greatly to blame if they never exert themselves to make society in the middle class a little more bright and innocent. It is a great mistake to suppose that a person must be rich in order to become a social influence. Certainly fashionable dinner parties are expensive, but there are less formal, and therefore more friendly, ways of seeing one's friends, open to people of very limited incomes. We ourselves know mistresses of houses whose pleasure it is to bring young people together, to break up cliques, to be, in a word, centres of social influence, and this they do at no greater expense than the cost of a few pounds of tea and coffee, and of sweet cakes in the year. These ladies have enough brains, tact, and sociability to make their entertainments pleasant with scarcely any other outlay than that of good

nature and good-humour. The feasts of reason and flow of soul at the Saturday afternoon "teas," and Monday Shakesperian Readings of Mrs. ——, the leader and inspirer of society in the provincial town of ——, are like good words —"worth much and cost little."

CHAPTER XV.

TIPPLING.

"Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole
In low pursuit,
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-control*,
Is wisdom's root."
—*Concluding Verse of Burns' Epitaph.*

"Temperance puts wood on the fire, meat in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, clothes on the bairns, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the constitution."—*Franklin.*

DEAN RAMSAY, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life," tells us of an old laird who, in the evil days of three-bottle men, expressed himself with great indignation at the charge brought against hard drinking—that it had actually killed people. "Na, na, I never knew anybody

killed wi' drinking, but I hae kend some that deed in the training." Was this old reprobate drawing a distinction without a difference, or did he mean by "the training" the habit of tippling? If so, he certainly was not wrong in attributing to it deadly effects.

The question, "Are we better than our fathers?" as regards the vice of drunkenness, is a very difficult one to answer. Certainly, we may congratulate ourselves on not sitting down as did our grandfathers, with the deliberate intention of drinking ourselves under the table. "How barbarous!" is our instinctive remark on reading the accounts of dinner parties given fifty years ago in Scotland, at which a servant attended whose appointed duty it was "to loose the cravats" of guests who should fall victims to intoxication, in fear of apoplexy or suffocation, and from which the dead drunk, since they could not go to bed on their "ain feet," were carried to their apartments on the shoulders of stalwart highlanders; or of that enterprising publican in London who went so far as to invite custom by placing on his signboard words which not only indicated the cheapness and abundance of the supply of drink, but testified a tender and thoughtful consideration for the comfort of his guests when reduced to that state which the policeman designates as incapable. They were as follows:

Drunk for 1d.
Dead drunk for 2d.
Clean straw for nothing!

Happily we do not live in such an age of hard drinking, but most unhappy are those who become victims of the habit of tippling, or petty but perpetual drinking—drinking such as is indicated by the terrible playfulness of the following expressions:—"Taking something," "having a nip," "wetting the bargain," "piling the agony."

In many respects tippling is quite as detrimental to health as hard drinking. Perhaps, indeed, a debauch on occasions is less injurious than the habit of taking "something" every time we fancy that we "need something" for the illness—called in the disgusting slang of topers, "hot coppers"—which follows a "regular bend," becomes a safety valve by means of which the alcoholic poison may be partially removed from the system. Then, again, the habit of tippling is far more deceptive than that of hard drinking. The drunkard cannot be mistaken about himself; but the tippler whose boast it is that he never was drunk in his life, that he can "carry his liquor," that he never was the worse for it—this man falls an easy prey by reason of his thoughtless security to that habit which "first draws, then drags, and then hauls." Thousands commit suicide by a process of drink poisoning who never have been intoxicated themselves, and who consider drunkards the chief of sinners. The social man sees no danger in taking a "half one" at the invitation of one after another of his acquaintances. It is true he does not care for it; but he is easy-going, wants to be friendly, and does not like to appear stiff. "How can there be danger," thinks the invalid, "in what my physician prescribes? and then it makes me feel so much

better." The man of genius detects no poison in that which seems a spring of inspiration. The overworked can see no harm in giving a fillip to their jaded energies. Intemperance comes with noiseless step, and binds its first cords with a touch too light to be felt. Hard brain-workers and foolish medical men ought to ponder on the following words quoted from Harriet Martineau's "Autobiography." A clergyman had been speaking to her about the habit of relieving the tear and wear of authorship with pernicious stimulants. "Why, I do not," said I. "Fresh air and cold water are my stimulants." "I believe you," he replied. "But you work in the morning; and there is much in that." I then remembered that when, for a short time, I had to work at night, a physician who called upon me observed that I must not allow myself to be exhausted at the end of the day. He would not advise any alcoholic wine; but any light wine that I liked might do me good. "You have a cupboard there at your hand," said he. "Keep a bottle of hock and a wine-glass there, and help yourself when you feel you want it." "No, thank you," said I. "If I took wine, it should not be when alone; nor would I help myself to a glass. I might take a little more and a little more, till my solitary glass might become a regular tippling habit" (vol. i. p. 193). This foolish physician reminds us of another who said to a man, "You ought to take a little champagne." "Why?" he asked. "Well, you are very tall, and you are very bald, and the top of your head is necessarily cold, and you need some stimulus to send the blood to the top of your head."

In reference to tippling, we might parody two well-known lines from "Macbeth":

> "Another, and another, and another,
> Creeps in each little glass from day to day."

Instead of carefully measuring our liquor so as to confine ourselves to what is good, or, at least, not bad for us, we fall into the snare against which Miss Martineau was on her guard—the snare of taking a little more and a little more, till our solitary glass becomes a regular tippling habit. "There is another fallacy," said Dr. Richardson, "connected with moderate drinking, and that is its undefinability." What is moderate drinking? What is a moderate dose of the "devil in solution"? I have asked this question of a great many people, and I have written down a few notes of certain persons who declare themselves very moderate. I will not give names, but I will put them down as B, C, and D. B is a moderate man, and, what is more, he is a rigidly regular man. He takes one pint of malt liquor at lunch; he takes half a pint of wine regularly at dinner, and he takes one or two whiskies at bed-time. I find that represents six ounces of alcohol; and then I turn to the physiological side of the question, and I find the alcohol does this for the man—it makes his heart beat 18,000 times a day beyond what it ought to do, and it makes that unfortunate heart raise what would be equivalent to nineteen extra tons weight one foot from the earth. That is the effect of his moderation. I turn to another moderate man, who says he is "very moderate." He tells me he takes one

pint of cooper—a mixture of stout and bitter ale—in the course of the day, if he feels flagging; a pint of claret at dinner—for that he considers the soundest wine—and a couple of glasses of sherry or port with dessert. That man takes at least four ounces of alcohol a day, the physiological effect of which is to force his heart to 12,000 extra beats, and to make it do about fourteen foot tons of extra work. I pass to another man, who is called "a very, very moderate drinker." He takes two glasses of sherry at luncheon and one pint of claret at dinner. That would represent three ounces of alcohol, and would give 10,000 extra strokes to the heart and nine extra foot tons of work.

At a review at Aldershot two foreign princes, not knowing their way, drove up to a sentry and asked, "Do you know where the Prince of Wales or the Duke of Cambridge is?" "No, sir," replied Thomas Atkins; "I don't know myself, but I'll ask my mate. He knows all the public-houses about here." Yes, and we have no doubt that the "mate" considers himself a moderate man, and not at all a drunkard.

A chaplain in the convict service thus writes in his "Life among Convicts":

"I once asked a prisoner what he was in for.

"'Manslaughter,' was the reply.

"'Who was the man you killed?'

"'It was a woman, sir.'

"'Who was the woman?'

"'My wife; *but it was a family matter, and interfered with no one but myself.*'"

The reasoning of this convict is surely no worse than that of tipplers who object to all remonstrance on the ground that "it interferes with no one but ourselves." We cannot tipple ourselves without becoming the cause of tippling in others. The habit is most infectious. We seldom originate it ourselves. It is caught, like a fever, from some one else. One man infects another. Good fellowship and social *bonhomie* hand this subtle, serpentine, insidious alcohol round the friendly circle for the sake of laughing and playing with its brightness.

A very sad example of the danger that may be latent in a "friendly glass" was given the other evening in my hearing by a popular bishop. "I wonder," said his lordship, "whether a man ever recovers who has had an attack of *delirium tremens?* One case I remember that bears on the point. The man I am thinking of was a well-to-do tradesman, but he was fast ruining himself and his family by intemperance. I first saw him when recovering from an attack of *delirium tremens.* Some words of mine had such weight with him that he resolved to abstain entirely. Years went by, and not a drop of intoxicating liquor entered his mouth. Six, seven, eight years passed, and his resolution remained unbroken. On the anniversary of the eighth sober year, his friends, thinking the reformation complete, resolved to give a dinner in his honour. A family circle, rendered happy by the temperance of its head, received the congratulations of intimate friends. But it was a feast of deadly wine. Healths were proposed, and he who was being honoured was told that 'to drink his own health in one

glass could certainly do him no harm after totally abstaining for eight years.' He drank the glass, and two years afterwards I was called in to visit a poor drunkard who was on his deathbed by reason of that one 'friendly glass.'" As the taste of blood rouses the tiger, so did this single glass rouse the evil spirit of intemperance in this poor victim of careless hospitality.

Silly boys sometimes fancy that it is a manly thing to tipple, but now it would seem to have become a sadly womanly habit. Many women have not enough interests in life, and the eternal curse of a do-nothing existence is, that its victims are compelled to think of themselves. As a relief from this state, certain "pick-me-ups" that are not what they seem, are coquetted with. The delicacy, too, of their physical organizations exposes women to inequalities of feeling which tempt to the seductive relief given by tippling. Strong men who disbelieve in "nerves" little know what the sensitive frame of woman suffers, how many desponding imaginations throng on her in her solitudes, how often she is exhausted by unremitting cares, and how much the power of self-control is impaired by repeated derangements of her frail system. A few years ago 5,131 women—only think of that, and of all the hideous degradation, all the unspeakable horror which it implies!—were arrested for drunkenness in Middlesex alone. But we are speaking of invisible rather than of visible drinking; of tippling, not of drunkenness. The women we are thinking of are not known to tipple except by those whose lives they are cursing. But these may ask with heartfelt sadness—

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that '*nips*' betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?"

Man has been defined as "a two-legged animal, with broad nails, and without feathers." A better definition would seem to be "an animal that drinks without eating—that drinks without being thirsty." Such a description would completely distinguish him from a brute, for no brute is so foolish as to do *that*. Never let us drink except at meals. The "doctor," or morning "pick-me-up," can only be called by such names in bitter irony, as it kills and lets down the system, while "nightcaps" will certainly bid those who habitually don them a very long "good-night." We should never drink spirits neat, and carelessness in pouring them unmeasured into a glass has made many a drunkard. Those drinks that contain least alcohol, such as malt liquors, claret, hock, are of course the most harmless.

Above all, let us realize the truism that it can be no part of friendship to tempt a weak brother to drown himself in alcoholic perdition, or to say "Yes" ourselves to every "fool's" "What will you drink?" It is most unmannerly for "those winks and finger-ends" we dread to be "notice taking" on our making the not very terrible observation that "we only drink water." Those who are at liberty to drink should allow others the liberty of not drinking. But this privilege is not granted to the young man who is *pressed* to take "something" by his elders, whose wavering resolution is conquered with a grin. Hence, in the name of

everything earnest and serious, with those glozing pet names forged in hell to conceal the exceeding sinfulness of drunkenness. Why laugh at extinguishing reason and divesting ourselves for a time of moral nature? Talk of intemperance before the young as a mere "going on the spree," and "having a bend," and they will never think that the drunkard's sin consists in putting out the light of understanding and conscience within him, abandoning his rank among God's rational creatures, and taking his place among brutes. Let temperance, and not intemperance, be always on the laughing side in our thoughts and words.

When using this always dangerous luxury, we should reflect that children and servants will do as they see their elders and "betters" doing. "In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth," let us ask God to deliver us from the temptation either of drowning sorrow in the coward's cup or of relieving in the same way the *ennui* that so often burdens people in so-called "easy circumstances." When exhausted with work or pleasure we ought never to use alcoholic drinks, for the interest charged by nature for loans of artificial strength amounts to usury. Drawing cheques on a bank can never be the same thing as making deposits.

Lastly, we would recommend even moderate drinkers to ask themselves, "Would I not be as well with less?" If to this question they give an honest answer, they will let their daily allowance of strong drink become "small by degrees and beautifully less." There are excellent substitutes, such as tea, coffee, milk—the most nourishing of

beverages—chocolate, cocoa, beaten-up eggs, lime juice. This last is sometimes pleasant after smoking, and all the list might be resorted to at choice, when at the customary tippling hours we feel a "want of something." Many a young fellow tipples who does not care about doing so. Any liquor would do for him, even ink, for he only takes "something" from habit or for companionship.

We sometimes speak as if labouring and uneducated people were alone in danger, and as if we ourselves had no interest in the cause of temperance. But the fact is, all classes are in danger. The young are exposed to intemperance, for youth wants forethought, and loves excitement. Nor are the old secure, for age unnerves the mind as well as the body, and silently steals away the power of self-control. The idle are in scarcely less peril than the overworked labourer, for the excitement of intoxicating draughts is greedily sought as an escape from the intolerable weariness of having nothing to do. Men of a coarse character see nothing in the brutality of intemperance to disgust them. Nor is cultivated genius less tempted, mental action being even more exhausting than the toil of the hands. The enemy is a common one, and gives no quarter; should there not therefore be a common resistance?

It is true, as those who speak and write against tippling and other sins connected with drinking are frequently reminded—it is true that gluttony is quite as bad as drunkenness, and that in our day it is perhaps more common. It is a sad fact that many destroy all the higher gifts of intellect, brutalize their passions and coarsen every fibre both of body

and soul by over-eating. Cowardly dread of appearing singular, false notions of politeness, the ridicule of fools, pampered appetite, make us eat and drink not to the glory of God, but to His dishonour. Let us not be like the clown in "All's Well that Ends Well," who said, "I will show myself highly fed and lowly taught." Rather, we should remember, that what we leave at table often does us more good than what we eat; and, that if we eat little, we shall probably eat much: that is to say, we shall live longer than great eaters, and so eat more. It is a very natural sequence that a man should take to his bier after having been ale-ing for months, but it is quite as natural that he should do so who eats more than is "convenient" for him.

CHAPTER XVI.

"MONEY IS CHARACTER."

"Seek not proud riches but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly."—*Bacon.*

"Be ye good money changers."—*Old Maxim.*

"NEVER treat money affairs with levity—money is character." It is to be feared that many neglect this wise caution, and do not put conscience into the making and the spending of money. One reason for this, perhaps, is that in their preaching, if not in their practice, moralists have ignored money and failed to teach its right use. But is it not the root of all evil? Certainly not, and St. Paul never said so. What he did say was that a love of money is not *the* root, but *a* root (Revised Version), from which evil comes, as it comes from everything else when wrongly used.

Such being the case, how absurd does it seem to disparage money, as if it were something sinful and dangerous. As well disparage man-power, horse-power, steam-power, or any other power. As a force, money is neither hurtful nor beneficial, neither bad nor good in itself. All depends on the way in which it is used or directed. Gunpowder can blast a quarry and bring forth stones with which an hospital may be built; but the same gunpowder can blow thousands of men into eternity in a single day. A rich man, if he be unselfish, has in his wealth the power of making his fellow-creatures less coarse, less depraved, and, as a consequence, less miserable. From the vantage-ground of high position he can fight a chivalrous battle for the afflicted and him that hath no helper. His good example will have far more effect than that of a poorer man. His influence, if directed to good and merciful objects, is as powerful for good as that of the selfish rich man is for the reverse. "Nobody should be rich," said Goethe, "but those who understand it." But when a man owns gracefully and usefully, what good may he not do in the way of opening a path for others, and giving them access to whatever civilizing agencies he may himself possess! Therefore we can understand how both religion and philanthropy may treat with respect and even with reverence the motto, "Put money in thy purse." May we not even say that it is the desire to "get on" and to become rich that prevents our sinking into barbarism?

"There is always a reason *in the man*," says Emerson, "for his good or bad fortune, and so in making money." This rule is not without exceptions, for now and then people

do become rich by lucky or even by dishonest "hits;" nevertheless money is in the main representative. Show me a man who has made fifty thousand pounds, and I will show you in that man an equivalent of energy, attention to detail, trustworthiness, punctuality, professional knowledge, good address, common sense, and other marketable qualities. The farmer respects his yellow sovereigns not unnaturally, for they declare with all the solemnity of a sealed and stamped document that for a certain length of time he rose at six o'clock each morning to oversee his labourers, that he patiently waited upon seasonable weather, that he understood buying and selling. To the medical man, his fee serves as a medal to indicate that he was brave enough to face small-pox and other infectious diseases, and his self-respect is fostered thereby. The barrister's brief is marked with the price of his legal knowledge, of his eloquence, or of his brave endurance during a period of hope-deferred brieflessness.

But besides its usefulness and its being the representative of sterling qualities, the golden smile of Dame Fortune is to be sought for the invaluable privilege of being independent, or at least being out of the horrid incumbrance of indebtedness. A man in debt is so far a slave; while it is comparatively easy for one possessed of ten thousand per annum to be true to his word, to be a man of honour, to have the courage of his opinions. When a man or woman is driven to the wall, the chances of goodness surviving self-respect and the loss of public esteem are frightfully diminished.

But while striving to escape from the physical suffering and the mental and moral disadvantages that attend the lot of poverty, we should admit to ourselves the fact, that there are hardly less disadvantages and temptations ready to make us miserable, if we are not on our guard after attaining to a reasonable amount of wealth. In a meeting assembled to make arrangements for Mr. Moody's last preaching campaign in London, one of the speakers expressed his hope that Mr. Moody would "do something for the miserable poor of London." "I shall try and do so," was the preacher's reply; "and I hope also to be able to do something for the miserable rich." "The miserable rich!" Some would think the expression almost a contradiction in terms, but it is not; for the rich, while possessing the means, as we have already said, of doing vast good, have nevertheless many things to render them unhappy.

Great wealth is a heavy burden; the life of a rich peer being described as "made like the life of an attorney by the extent of his affairs." Even their most cherished means of enjoyment may become the possibilities of vexation to the rich. Some may think it is a fine thing to be a landlord, but there is hardly any position more irksome. There is no end of trouble with tenants. The same thing with servants. People who have many servants are sometimes worse served than those who have only one; for what is every one's business is nobody's, and each individual servant is ready with the answer: "Oh, that is not in my department," when asked to do anything. The more valuable is your horse, the greater is your anxiety about his knees. It is proverbially

difficult for a lady to be "mistress of herself though china fall;" but if the sound of broken *delf* rise from the kitchen, "Another plate" is her indifferent remark. The fact is, every new possession becomes an additional something to be looked after, and adds almost as much to our anxiety as it does to our comfort. There is sound philosophy in the answer a king is related to have given to one of his stable-boys, when, meeting him one morning, he asked him: "Well, boy, what do you do? What do they pay you?" "I help in the stable," replied the lad; "but I have nothing except victuals and clothes." "Be content," replied the king; "I nave no more."

In Dr. Guthrie's Autobiography there is a good illustration of the unhappy state of cynicism into which the rich are prone to fall. There he relates how, in a winter of extra-ordinary severity, he made an appeal to a lady who had succeeded to a prodigious fortune, on behalf of the starving poor of his parish. In doing so he had no very sanguine hope of success. On being ushered into her room, she turned round, and showing her thin spare figure, and a face that looked as if it had been cut out of mahogany, grinned and said: "I am sorry to see ye. What do you want? I suppose you are here seeking siller?" "The very thing I have come for," was the Doctor's frank reply. Her next remark demonstrated how little power her riches had of conferring happiness; and with all her wealth of flatterers, what a poor, lonely, desolate, miserable creature this possessor of more than a million sterling was. "Ah!" she said, "there is nobody comes to see me or seek me; but it's money, the

money they are after." We are glad to be able to relate that this miserable rich old lady gave to Dr. Guthrie fifty pounds for the poor—an act which we hope shed a gleam of sunshine into her dark life.

Rich people think that it is good for trade to be free-handed with wealth, and do not always distinguish between productive and unproductive expenditure. They are frequently guilty of demoralizing the poorer classes by careless almsgiving and the bad example of their thoughtless money-spending.

Of course, so far as they are influenced by religious considerations, the rich recognize the truth that all their possessions are held in trust, and only lent to them by a superior Power for the service of their fellow-beings. But the rich have difficulties as well as the poor, and one of these lies in determining how to distribute their expenditure in a way that shall prove beneficial to society. The question, "To whom or to what cause shall I contribute money?" must be a very anxious one to conscientious men of wealth. "How are we to measure," we may suppose rich men to ask, "the relative utility of charities? And then political economists are down upon us if, by mistake, we help those who might have helped themselves. It is easy to talk against our extravagance; tell us rather how to spend our money advantageously—that is to say, for the greatest good of the greatest number." The fact is, riches must now be considered by all good men as a distinct profession, with responsibilities no less onerous than those of other professions. And this very difficult profession of wealth ought to be learned by

studying social science and otherwise with as much care as the professions of divinity, law, and medicine are learned. When in this way the rich accept and prepare themselves for the duties of their high calling, it will cease to be a cause of complaint that, in the nature of things, money tends to fall into the hands of a few large capitalists.

Nor is the money-spending of the poor less careless than that of the rich. During the time of high wages, labouring people buy salmon and green peas when they are barely in season; and Professor Leone Levi computes that their annual drink-bill amounts to thirty-six millions. That is exactly the sum which the working-classes spend in rent; so, although better houses are the strongest and most imperative demands for the working-classes, those classes are spending, on the lowest estimate, a sum equal to what they are spending on rent.

Some two years ago, an eminent London physician went into Hyde Park and sat down upon a bench, and there sat down by him a pauper eighty years of age. The physician entered into conversation with him, and asked him what his trade was. The man said he was a carpenter.

"A very good trade indeed. Well, how is it that you come at this time of life to be a pauper? Have you been addicted to drink."

"Not at all; I have only taken my three pints a day—never spent more than sixpence daily."

The physician, taking out a pencil and a piece of paper, asked: "How long have you continued this practice of drinking three pints of ale a day?"

"I am now eighty, and I have continued that practice, more or less, for sixty years."

"Very well," continued the physician, "I will just do the sum." He found that sixpence a day laid by for sixty years amounted, with compound interest, to three thousand two hundred and twenty-six pounds; and he said to the old carpenter: "My good man, instead of being a pauper, you might have been the possessor of three thousand two hundred and twenty-six pounds at this moment; in other words, you might have had one hundred and fifty pounds a year, or some three pounds a week, not by working an hour longer or doing anything differently, except by putting by the money that you have been spending day by day these sixty years on ale." The physician's conclusion, however, should perhaps be modified by the consideration that if this man had ceased spending sixpence on beer, he might have required to spend a portion of that sixpence on an increased supply of food. But notwithstanding this, the physician's argument is in the main a sound one.

It is not "ologies" that the working-classes require to be taught so much, as the right use of money and the good things that can be purchased with it. It often astonishes the rich to see the wasteful expenditure of the poor; but an explanation will be found in the caution which Dr. Johnson gives to men who fancy that poor girls must necessarily make the most economical wives. "A woman of fortune," he says, "being used to the handling of money, spends it judiciously; but a woman who gets the command of money for the first time upon her marriage, has such a

gust in spending, that she throws it away with great profusion."

Economy is altogether different from penuriousness; for it is economy that can always best afford to be generous. In one of his lectures, Emerson relates the following anecdote: "An opulent merchant in Boston was called on by a friend in behalf of a charity. At that time he was admonishing his clerk for using whole wafers instead of halves; his friend thought the circumstance unpropitious, but to his surprise, on listening to the appeal, the merchant subscribed five hundred dollars. The applicant expressed his astonishment that any person who was so particular about half a wafer should present five hundred dollars to a charity; but the merchant said, 'It is by saving half wafers, and attending to such little things, that I have now something to give.'" We ourselves knew of an army doctor who, because he drew good pay and was very saving, was considerably chaffed by his brother officers. One day he quietly remarked to one who hinted that it was shabby of him not to contribute more towards getting up some entertainment—"If you had an old father and mother in Ireland to support, perhaps you would not be so free with your coin."

"Do not accustom yourself," said Dr. Johnson, "to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity." Only the other day the writer was speaking to an officer in the army who was so far from considering the debt which he owed to his tailor as either an inconvenience or a calamity, that he seemed to be quite proud of it. "My tailor," said he, "never duns me for the money. When I

have a pound or two which I don't want, I send it to him, just as other people put it in a bank." It was no use telling him that five or ten per cent. on the amount of his bill was being charged every year, and that on a day when he least expected it, payment would be demanded. Had this officer never heard of the General Order which was issued by Sir Charles Napier, in taking leave of his command in India? Sir Charles strongly urged in that famous document that "honesty is inseparable from the character of a thoroughbred gentleman;" and that "to drink unpaid-for champagne and unpaid-for beer, and to ride unpaid-for horses, is to be a cheat, and not a gentleman."

Men who lived beyond their means might be officers by virtue of their commissions, but they were not gentlemen. The habit of being constantly in debt, the general held, made men grow callous to the proper feelings of a gentleman. It was not enough that an officer should be able to fight; that, any bulldog could do. But did he hold his word inviolate? Did he pay his debts? To provide for others and for our own comfort and independence in old age, is honourable, and greatly to be commended; but to hoard for mere wealth's sake is the characteristic of the narrow-souled and the miserly. "We must carry money in the head, not in the heart;" that is to say, we must not make an idol of it, but regard it as a useful agent.

Some of the finest qualities of human nature are intimately related to the right use of money, such as generosity, honesty, justice, and self-sacrifice, as well as the practical virtues of economy and providence. On the other hand,

there are their counterparts of avarice, fraud, injustice, and selfishness, as displayed by the inordinate lovers of gain; and the vices of thriftlessness, extravagance, and improvidence, on the part of those who misuse and abuse the means intrusted to them. "So that," as it has been well said, "a right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man."

CHAPTER XVII.

TRAVELLING WITH ADVANTAGE.

"This is one of the advantages of travel. We are spectators, having for the time no duties, no ties, no associations, no responsibilities; nothing to do but to look on, and look fairly. . . . Then the diversities of character you meet with instruct and delight you. The variety in language, dress, behaviour, religious ceremonies, mode of life, amusements, arts, climate, government, lays hold of your attention and takes you out of the wheel-tracks of your everyday cares. He must, indeed, be either an angel of constancy and perseverance, or a wonderfully obtuse Caliban of a man, who, amidst all this change, can maintain his private griefs or vexations exactly in the same place they held in his heart while he was packing for his journey."—*Helps.*

IN the month of June one friend tells you he is going to Norway, another that he is off to St. Petersburg—no less! The American refuses to be "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in" by any doubts and fears whatever as regards distance or purse. He will not limit himself to

any one country. On his huge iron-bound boxes is painted the indefinite address—*Europe*. Some fancy that space ought to be quite annihilated in a six weeks' holiday. It is nothing to these far-reachers that they can, in this time, touch American soil, or get a Pisgah view of Palestine. Envying the telegraphic message, they resent the fact that stupid men of science have not yet discovered how in a few moments to flash tourists to the antipodes by means of the latent electricity to be ground out of Cook's coupons.

But though every one travels in these days, just as every one reads, there are as few good travellers as there are good readers. The people who ask at lending libraries for the very newest book only to have to say "they saw it, and liked it," are precisely those who rush to and fro all over the earth, and return as empty as they set out. Travelling is either useful or not according to the motive with which it is undertaken. Some there are whose sole object is to get over a number of countries just to have to say they were in them. Such globe-trotters neither improve themselves nor increase their happiness. They never do anything they themselves care for, but follow conventionalism as the best tourist's guide. They admire by means of their *Baedekers* and *Murrays*, and are "charmed" with the things with which they ought to be charmed. In picture galleries they do not look at the pictures, but read before them out of a guide-book, for the sake of future conversation, a short notice of the birth and death of "this eminent artist." It has been said that "life would be tolerable but for its pleasures," and in their heart of hearts many would like

going on the Continent, only for its art-galleries, museums, cathedrals, and objects of interest generally. "Hungry work it is doing pictures. I have always to eat two steaks after each collection; besides, it tires the neck so!"—this is the honest confession once heard by the writer on coming out of a celebrated gallery.

In most instances the ostensible object of holiday travelling is to get health and strength for the winter's work before us, but many are considerably more fatigued than refreshed by their summer's campaign. When starting all seems delightful, and it is only the experience of aching brains and bones that teaches us how much a tour of sight-seeing takes out of us. What busy workers want in a holiday is good air, and total absence of anxiety and fatiguing work. Now it is not a very beneficial change from the air of a city office to spend six or eight hours daily in a crowded railway carriage. Again, can there be more anxious work than searching for new quarters each night, and settling "little accounts" each morning? And, oh! how a good "fleecing" on the part of an hotel-keeper, in the morning, can take from the loveliest scenery passed through during the day its beauty and its joy!

Nor is it very good for the health of men whose habits are sedentary to take immense walks during one short period—to crowd the whole year's muscular exercise into a single month. When calculating, too, our chances of obtaining health and pleasure from a tour abroad, we must think of the nervous irritation involved in waiting hours past our usual meal-times, of never being sure of sleep at night—

suspecting, as we must, that just as we have dined off fellow-creatures, smaller fellow-creatures may sup off us!—of having frequently to go through a heated argumentation, or else submit our plans to those of our companions in travel, or *travail.*

And yet, though travelling is often so full of annoyances that it can only be said to confer happiness on those blessed souls who expect nothing, much might be said on the score of culture. Though the foreigner is not quite like Virtue, having "such a face, and such a mien, as to be loved needs only to be seen," he is now discovered by thousands each summer to be not at all that barbarous being he was considered by many of our ancestors, only because they had never seen him. It is possible to go "on the continent" summer after summer without losing a single prejudice, but at least by doing so we have a chance of becoming more catholic-minded. Every railway, steam-boat, and telegraph wire in the world reveals something to the sympathetic, of that one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin(dred), and which should make us kind and liberal in our opinions and actions. In every country a thousand objects preach the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man, and unless we are afflicted with the church-goer's "disease of not marking" we must be benefited. But how very prevalent is this disease amongst rushing, scratch-surface, yet think-they-know-all-about-it globe-trotters! If only they would keep their eyes and ears open, travellers might get little less than a liberal education from these frequent tours "on the continent." But no! they visit the

chief towns, and flit about from sight to sight. And then they return, having seen everything and yet seen nothing, for of any real insight into the countries visited they gain none. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe." Ordinary people cannot bring on their tours great knowledge and powers of observation. We are not scientists, like Sir Charles Lyell, of whom it was said, by those who had travelled with him, "That to see him hanging out of the window of a railway carriage to watch the geological formations as he passed through a railway cutting, was as if he saw the sides hung with beautiful pictures." Still, we petty men can learn much if we travel *open-eyed*. "The wise man's eyes are in his head; but the fool walketh in darkness."

The golden rule of travelling with advantage is to make our minds, before leaving home, perfect blanks. We should keep out of them for the brief period of our holiday, all anxious thoughts of "shop" and everything else that might distract attention from the instructive book of foreign countries. Seeing thus with our eyes, and hearing with our ears, we shall not, as do many tourists, return home with recollections as confused as the colours at the end of a kaleidoscope. Certainly we should try to cultivate our tastes and to enjoy beautiful things and places; but as certainly we should not make a labour of a pleasure. For this reason we should follow our real desires rather than conventional got-up ones. Why, for instance, should farmers force themselves to "do"

picture galleries, and pretend to love church architecture? *Revenons à nos moutons* should be their motto. If a man prefers wandering through back streets, so as to study the manners, or want of manners, of the inhabitants, he does not commit a crime in staying away from more conventional sights. Having paid your money, you, yourself, and not other people, should choose your "objects of interest." Don't be afraid of the catechism of your friends on returning home. To the question, "Have you seen this or that?" there is no disgrace in answering, "No, I did not care to see it." We shall probably learn most when we consult our innocent tastes, and if a holiday become a bore, instead of recreating worn-out faculties, our money's worth shall not be obtained.

For the sake of health and happiness let us take it easy. One mile travelled through improvingly and with comfort is worth a hundred "done" in forced marches, as though our object were to accomplish the maximum of miles in the minimum of time.

"Fret not thyself" is the practical advice of the Psalmist which should be laid to heart by tourists. Have you made up your mind to spend fifty or a hundred pounds? Put the money in your pocket and return when it is expended. But don't grieve about every supposed overcharge, or imagine that "all is lost" when a single shilling cannot be accounted for, and that therefore "these scenes" are no longer "so charming." Again, many tourists are slaves of their clothes, and are too anxious about bag and baggage to enjoy anything. We once travelled with an old bachelor

who was much disappointed with the Alps. Why? He saw them not! for he was thinking of, and boring us about, those pills he had forgotten at Paris! Nor should we *think back*, in a remorseful way, on sights we have missed or mistakes we have made. "Things without all remedy should be without regard."

It is a difficult but most important matter to find a congenial travelling companion, for iron sharpens iron, and joys are doubled when shared with a sympathizing friend. But such a companion, if not congenial, will often force from us, in our bitter experience, the words, "Defend us from our friends!"

Travelling companions should have, as nearly as possible, the same tastes and, above all, the same length of purse. Then, we must never think of travelling with people who have a "passion" for this or that. Does our companion care for nothing on earth but a cathedral, a waterfall, old ruins, ancient masters?—while we ourselves care for nothing in particular? Then we shall feel far from happy, leaving our premeditated route, missing our dinner hour, spending money, and generally boring ourselves, all to see his hobby. We should avoid those who have a mania for fast travelling. A single hour spent at one place, though it be as interesting as Rome or Pompeii, is more than enough for some people. Watch in hand, they never cease to complain of this "creeping train." They are as anxious about their time as are sermon-listeners, who, though they do nothing on their return from church, grudge every moment to the preacher.

We certainly cannot be said to travel with advantage unless

either happiness, health, or culture, is increased on our return. Many people during a tour are rather playing at happiness than enjoying it. Are there not at least some busy men who, if they were not afraid of falling into conventional heresy, would frankly confess that their conception of a holiday is very different from the usual one "on the continent"?—that it is simply to stay at home, a creature of habit, surrounded by customary comforts, and to amuse themselves doing absolutely nothing?

It is an amusing sight, when staying at Dover, in the end of September, to watch the boats coming from Calais. What an army of tourists! A rather sensational display of ice-hatchets and Alpen-stocks advertise the fact that their owners are lovers of scenery—unless, indeed, they have climbed the Swiss mountains merely for the sake of bringing home conversational material for the next "season." And who can say whether some rich Desdemona, as she listens to the traveller's tale of "most disastrous chances, of moving accidents by flood and field, of hair-breadth 'scapes," may not "seriously incline;" give Othello for his pains "a world of sighs;" and even "love him for the dangers (query: lessened by railways?) he has passed?" But did not all these tourists "go on the continent" for the sake of their health? and if so, why do they look so pale and worn? Why do they give one the impression that they are returning from war, rather than from a pleasure trip? Is it because they have slept in their clothes for a night or two, are covered with the begriming effects of steam-travelling, and are still suffering from sea-sickness? "Some of you," I thought, as I once

stood on the Admiralty Pier, in proud superiority to sea-sickness, watching its victims coming in pairs up the gangway steps, "some of you seem to have missed one of the chief objects of travelling—health. You will soon get over your sea-sickness, and be the better for it; but you have evidently worked too hard, and the effects of that will last much longer. Had you taken your tour more easily, you would have returned from it refreshed, instead of looking quite worn out, as you do now."

One object of travelling should be to improve our manners by intercourse with the polite foreigner, and to lay up a stock of beautiful thoughts and mental pictures that would tend to elevate our conduct. Instead of this too many seem to lose what little manners and morals they have when they go abroad. They copy what is bad in foreigners, but not so readily what is good. There are travellers—

> "Each of whom just enough of spirit bears
> To show our follies, and bring home theirs,
> They make all Europe's vices so well known,
> They seem almost as nat'ral as our own."

Because Mrs. Grundy is a stay-at-home old lady, and does not accompany them, some think that they can do what they like when abroad.

A bull in a china shop is nothing compared to a drove of Protestant tourists in an Italian church. You may see, when visiting palaces, a huge cockney lolling down upon thrones and chairs of State, and full of self-complacency, imagining himself Victor Emmanuel, or some greater man.

One cannot help feeling for the embarrassment of palatial attendants, whose politeness prevents them forbidding irreverent sightseers from "touching" fragile ornaments, and sitting down upon almost everything, while at the same time their duty urges them to remonstrate with commoners against making themselves "at home" in palaces too grand for even kings to feel quite at their ease in.

What bad manners may be seen in tramway cars and railway carriages! Here selfishness reigns supreme. Even a bishop will act a lie by covering three or four vacant seats to make believe they are engaged. People who would scorn to cheat an individual have no objection to act dishonestly towards a railway company. It goes without saying, that there is no advantage in travelling if we allow our manners to be injured by it, as a lady known to us did, of whom her friends remarked, that she was never the same after a certain long voyage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARE OUR MANNERS AND MORALS PERFECT?

"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect."—*St. Paul.*

"What availeth knowledge without the fear of God?"—*Imitatio Christi.*

WE are naturally proud of the reforms that have taken place in the age in which we live, but it may be doubted whether a little more of the sun of righteousness is not wanted. I believe in human progress, and have no sympathy with those who think that the past ages were better than the present. When I read of the cruel amusements of our great-grandfathers, of the way they treated prisoners, lunatics, soldiers, and children, of their drunkenness and dislike of even the external use of water, I say to myself, "What brutes they were!" It is hard to realize that this will be said of us in fifty or a hundred years, for we think that our age is a very wonderful one. Do we not

travel fast, telephone the most trivial message, and cover a great quantity of paper with print? And yet, if any one —while admitting, as of course he must, that we are nearly perfect—were to say that in manners and morals we are not *quite* perfect, the opinion would be not altogether untenable. It is, for instance, not so very absurd to argue that the young people of our time would be no worse if they had a little more reverence. None of them are infallible, not even the youngest; but they think that they are, and this makes it very difficult for them to honour their fathers and mothers. How much more rational it seems to despise people who were born when boys did not smoke cigarettes, and girls could blush and were not slangy! "May I be cut into ten thousand triangles," said an American young lady, "if I do not know more about everything than my mother ever did!" English girls and boys may not express themselves as plainly about their own enlightenment and the ignorance of their parents, but they believe quite as strongly that they exist. I know a man who has a large and prosperous business, which he meant to leave to his son, but the son would not take the trouble of learning it, and went off to Australia, where he did no good. I asked his father why the young hopeful deserted, when his prospects were so good and it was his duty to remain at home. A reply was given in one word—"Vanity;" and the father went on to explain that his son, believing that he alone was right and every one else wrong, would not carry on the business as he was ordered to do it and as it should be done.

This want of reverence for everything in heaven and earth expresses itself in a disregard for the feelings of others, which is the essence of bad manners. At a crowded assembly the other day I heard an elderly lady politely asking a young one if she might sit down upon a chair that was beside her. "No, it is engaged," she answered; which was a lie, as I found out afterwards. This lady would have offered the chair with a sweet smile if she had been in the society where she was known; but at the time she thought that no one who knew her was observing, so her selfish character displayed itself in being rude to one older than herself. A gallant colonel, who has the reputation of being "a most polished man" in society, was asked by a tired woman with a child, in a tramway car, to move up and give her a little room. I was told by one who saw it that the officer, looking defiance at the woman of the "lower class," held his ground as firmly as no doubt he would against his country's enemies. Reverence for the aged, and for woman as woman, is evidently not in fashion. Children now speak to their parents with an insolent familiarity which would be unbecoming if used towards a young schoolfellow. No doubt our fathers were wrong in not recognizing the fact that children have rights; but young people of the present day are equally to blame when they forget that parents also have rights.

> "Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell."

It might be hinted that there is not now enough of that chivalrous way of speaking of women and to women which

characterizes the few surviving gentlemen of the old school or old fool (as their juniors would say) kind. You ask a young man of the period if he will dance with a lady, or bring her down to supper. "Let me see her," he says, as if he were speaking of a horse. "Ah! sorry; I am engaged," is his languid reply, and to a giggling male friend he gives the brief explanation of his refusal in these words—"Not good enough."

It is true that these young men have in many cases been spoiled by fast girls, who, having no respect for themselves, did not exact it from them. If young women have "not the slightest objection, and rather like it," men will smoke into their faces, appear before them in any or in scarcely any clothes, call them by their Christian names, say words and refer to things that should be nameless, and in all other ways illustrate the truth that men respect women as, and only as, women respect themselves.

If a desire to be married banishes maidenly reserve, it is a bad day indeed for both men and women, but especially for the victims of their own carelessness.

A recent issue of *The Spectator* contains an article on this prevalent want of reserve, from which we extract the following:—"The miserable condition in which two brides have recently found themselves from marrying a man of whom they really knew nothing—one the prey of a bigamist, and the other the wife of a convict under a false name—is but an emphatic exemplification of the sort of trouble that too often arises in our age of too rapid intimacies from the loss or the neglect of the instinct of reserve."

It would be as wise to drink the deadly juices of the belladonna because of the beauty of the nightshade's flowers as to welcome intimacy with many of those whose manners in general society are faultless and fascinating, without knowing anything more of them beyond those manners. Unless the man has been seen both when the bow was bent and when it was relaxed, he has not been really seen; and the same is true of the deeper character. Unless the character has been seen at its tensest, as well as at its easiest, it has not been truly seen.

So far as the man himself is concerned, it would be a hundred times wiser to carry a lump of dynamite about with him habitually, than to marry a woman of whose inward life and aims he knows nothing more than he can learn from ordinary drawing-room intercourse; and if it would be a hundred times wiser for the man to do so, it would be a thousand times wiser for the woman, who is even more certain to be crushed under the weight of a miserable marriage than the man.

The disposition to be agonizingly delicate is well ridiculed in the following:—"Is there anything the matter?" "There is, sir," was the host's reply. "Have I given any offence?" "You have, sir." "Really I am ignorant of it." "Such language won't suit here, sir." "My dear sir, what language?" "We were talking of soup." "We were." "You mentioned *ox-tail!*" "I did." "That's it, that's it, sir; that sent the ladies blushing out of the room—that's highly improper language, which I never heard at any board before, and should not have expected from you." "Why,

sir, I but called it by its proper name. You asked a question, and I replied. I am, however, sorry that it has given offence; but I really do not know how I could have avoided it." "Then, sir, I advise you, when you have an occasion another time to speak of that particular soup, do not call it ox-tail." "No! but what shall I call it?" "*Fly disperser.*" "I shall remember the *fly disperser soup*, sir, rest assured." If this sort of thing may be laughed at, the opposite extreme, which in some quarters is coming into fashion, is too sad for laughter. To the disgrace of their sex so-called ladies read in the newspapers the most horrible details, and relish nothing so much as a *cause célèbre* in the Divorce Court. So far are they from being easily sent blushing out of a room that they cannot be kept out of court when trials are going on unfit for ladies to hear.

Are our feelings of honour as sensitive as they were in days when wounds and death were the consequences of dishonourable acts? Have we "that chastity of honour which feels a stain like a wound"? America used to be far ahead of us in public dishonesty, but it would seem from recent disclosures that we are looking up and following our go-ahead cousins in that direction. People think that Government is an abstraction which does not feel when it is cheated; but Government only means the collective body of taxpayers, each of whom is sensitive to suffering. A convict who had stolen diamonds considered it *infra dig.* and made a formal complaint because he had to associate with low thieves who steal cabbage. There are many educated burglars at large who have a good social position, and are

greatly respected for two reasons: first, because they are clever enough not to be caught; and secondly, because their operations are all on a large scale.

The other day an advertisement appeared in the agony column of *The Times* which was pathetic in its brevity—"E. H. wants money." This is a common want with us, for we have more luxurious tastes than our simple fathers. Anything for a little money. A desire to obtain "the needful" without work, and a craving for excitement, have elevated gambling to the rank of a besetting sin of our time. Young men who hardly know whether a horse has three or four legs have their "favourites" for all the great races. If they read good books as much as they read the sporting papers, they would be well-informed men. The professional book-maker makes short work of Mr. Verdant Green, who prides himself on always having a good "tip." How is he to pay his liabilities? Ask some of the inmates of convict prisons. He takes the "loan" of money that has been given into his custody. Our young men are always saying that they cannot afford to marry, but they can—or think that they can—afford to gamble; and—well, there is much work to be done by the White Cross Purity Society.

We often speak with horror of the indifference of our forefathers to human life; but our fashionable luxuries are not less deadly because they have made murder "a fine art." Parents ought to be the last persons to kill their children, and yet there are many who do so. Men live what in bitter irony only can be called a "gay" life, and the effect of their dissipation is that when they become

fathers they see those children to whom they have given life die by means of themselves—killed by the seeds of inherited disease. There are mothers who break their daughters' hearts by urging them, against their will, to make a "good match." How many parents, again, work their children to death by stimulating their ambition in these days of getting on, as if life were not more than meat, or even than college honours, and the body than raiment, or a mind crammed with omniscient smattering! Nor does it make much difference that parents do not kill their children themselves, if they allow others to do so. And yet when lazy mothers resign their place entirely to nurses, that is to say to hired proxy mothers who care not for the children, or when fathers send their daughters to "Establishments for Young Ladies," where accomplishments are purchased at the price of health, do they not do this?

We kill each other by immoral thoughtlessness, when we help to keep up hurtful fashions, such as turning night into day by too late commencing entertainments, drinking customs in business, sacrificing comfort to appearances, rash money-speculating, teaching the young to drink and gamble, if not by precept, at least by example. Nothing is more melancholy than to walk between the decks of a turreted ship of war, or through Woolwich Arsenal, for in these places we see how the scientific knowledge of the world as well as the wealth that has been made by the sweat of a nation's brow have been used to construct gigantic man-slaughtering machines. But sad as is this wilful, designed preparation for slaughter, the list of those actually killed and wounded

by thoughtlessness and want of Christianity is not at all less appalling.

How touching the lines found under the pillow of a wounded soldier in the American War:

"I give a patient God
My patient heart!"

Ah, if our Father were not patient, what would become of us? And, if He be so long-suffering with our great transgressions, what hinders our patience with our brother's shortcomings? The more we know of mankind the more we should be moved to patience and pity, rather than reproach. But this tolerance which should be felt for fellow-sinners should not be extended to sin, as too often it is. "Neither doth he abhor that which is evil" describes the attitude of many a man in these days of spurious toleration. Were we more intolerant of what is morally bad, we should be more tolerant of things unessential. Certainly, if the greatest enemy of Christianity is vice, controversy will have much to answer for if she waste her strength on things too insignificant to be noticed in a sin-laden, sorrowful world. All good men are fighting against the same foe; why, then, should the dust of their own word-war, or a slightly different uniform, cause them to mistake one another, thus wasting the power that union should have given to them?

It would be well if we were as intolerant of vice as we are of an unfashionable hat, or of anything that indicates individuality and freedom from the tyranny of custom.

"Virtue *we find* too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever."

Hell is no longer mentioned to ears polite, and we have not even a devil left to believe in. Our preachers are, with a few honourable exceptions, as mild and mealy-mouthed as they were in the reign of Charles II., when a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon:—"In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place which 'tis not good manners to mention here."

We must ask our polite readers to excuse us for having given in this chapter a few illustrations of the disagreeable truth that our manners and morals are not absolutely perfect. When we acknowledge this to be the case, and do not trust to steam and electricity for salvation, we take the first step on the right road. In one of Leech's sketches one omnibus man says to another, "You call yourself a man? I've seen a better man than you made out of tea-leaves!" If "manners makyth man" (and woman), it is to be feared that many of us are of a tea-leaf composition.

CHAPTER XIX.

"ONLY TEMPER."

"Like those who burn their houses and themselves within them, anger makes all things within full of confusion, smoke, and noise; so that the soul can neither see nor hear anything that might relieve it. Wherefore sooner will an empty ship in a storm at sea, admit of a governor from without, than a man, tossed with anger and rage, listen to the advice of another, unless he have his own reason first prepared to entertain it."—*Plutarch.*

"There is no other way but to meditate and ruminate well upon the effects of anger, how it troubles man's life."—*Bacon.*

IN reference to character, temper means simply a mixture of different qualities. The qualities that constitute the disposition of a well-tempered person are mixed in due proportion. In common speech, however, the word "temper," especially when used without an adjective, is restricted in meaning to the passion of anger. What a proof this of the prevalence of bad temper!

People are seldom ashamed of having bad tempers, as the possession of a weak memory does not lessen, in his own opinion at least, a man's intellectual capacity. "Only temper" is allowed to cover a multitude of sins, just as the common apology, "Excuse me, but my memory is such a bad one," is supposed to be perfectly compatible with intellectual greatness.

Some people seem to be almost proud of their bad tempers. They delude themselves into the belief that anger is a proof of strength of character, as if there could be any real power in the absence of self-restraint and self-control. How can strength of mind ever be manifested by anger, which does not merely "displace the mind, and then act dismal things," but which absolutely "turns reason out of doors, and bolts the door against it"? True strength of character does not show itself in kicking doors, shouting at a helpless wife, scolding servants, or brutally flogging a horse when too old to run away. Many can kick a door who would eat humble pie for a more animated antagonist; and real force of character is far more clearly seen in "silent divine action" than in scolding servants, or her whom an unmanly man looks upon as an upper servant—his wife. He is the really strong man who is master of himself under all circumstances. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Bad temper grows fat upon what it feeds, that is, itself. When long indulged, its victim receives a sort of melancholy pleasure from it, and hugs it to his heart, unconscious that

he is cherishing a serpent. He speaks of it as a misfortune, and apologises to his friends for the rudeness and injury he has inflicted on them, by saying, "But you know my temper is so warm," as if the mere fact of being ill-tempered were a sufficient excuse for it. Anger, sulkiness, and peevishness, which last is generally found in weak natures, and means anger about trifles, very soon, if much indulged, render the lives of their victims almost unbearable to themselves and others. The mind becomes ulcerated, peevish, and querulous, and, like a thin, weak plate of iron, receives impression, and is wounded by the least occurrence. Rage is terrible, and peevishness is ridiculous, and each is a short madness.

It is, unfortunately, only too true that a man with a bad temper may bully himself into a good place, and gain comforts and advantages that ought to belong to gentler and better men. This is owing to the indolence of most people, who prefer to give a cross dog a bone rather than fight with him. But it is very wrong, and even very unkind, to give up everything to the wishes of the worst-tempered member of a household. Such indulgence only aggravates bad temper, without in the least increasing happiness, for the domestic bully soon comes to a condition in which his only pleasure is to be displeased.

Yet there is such a thing as innocent anger. "Be ye angry and sin not." Anger is a natural feeling which has been given to us as a preservative against injury. It is not wrong in itself, but is easily abused when allowed to continue or when indulged in circumstances which do not warrant it. 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," or at least

wait until it has gone down before you write or speak. We must not nurse our wrath to keep it warm. Wise anger is like fire in a flint: there is much ado to get it out, and when it is out, it is gone immediately.

Ill health is sometimes a valid excuse—when it is not brought on by any fault of our own—for bad temper. We do not believe in such a thing as over-work, but there is over-effort; and there are wrong methods of working that ruin temper by weakening the nervous system. Again, our tempers and livers act and re-act on each other. While a sluggish liver causes peevishness, nothing is so good for the health of that organ as the habit—worth for every reason ten thousand pounds a year—of looking on the bright side of things. There is much rough truth in the often quoted saying of Dr. Johnson, to the effect that every sick person "is a villain." Sickness, as a rule, makes a man bad-tempered and unsociable. He feels that he has "nerves," and makes others feel the same. An organ is said to be in perfect health when we are unconscious of possessing it. How few men and how very few women are to be found in these days who live so wisely that they never become conscious of "nerves!"

But whatever our illness may be, nothing aggravates it so much as bad temper. On a recent occasion I visited daily a man recovering from a bad attack of typhoid fever. He was the worst patient I ever saw—a very *impatient*. His peevish language to the attendants, who were doing their best for him, was most revolting. And as this bad temper brought on a relapse, it very nearly cost him his life. In

every other respect the person alluded to is most estimable; but that which is lightly spoken of as "only temper" is making his life a failure, and cannot but mar for himself and fiancée the married state into which he is about to enter.

As none of us are very much in love with our bad tempers, let us see if there are any devices that may assist us to overcome them. First of all, we should get to know the kind of things that provoke us. Forewarned by experience, we shall be forearmed and prepared to resist the temptation of speaking or acting during the first moments of excitement. To prevent our doing this, it has been suggested that before speaking in anger we should repeat to ourselves the alphabet, or count over a series of numbers. "For as he that adds no fuel to fire hath already as good as put it out, so he that doth not feed anger at the first, nor blow the fire in himself, hath prevented and destroyed it." If anger arises in your breast, instantly seal up your lips, and let it not go forth; for, like fire, when it has no vent, it will suppress itself. Be careful, therefore, to lay up beforehand a stock of reason and religious consideration, that, like a besieged town, you may be provided for, and be defensible from within, since you are not likely to be relieved from without.

"As small letters hurt the sight," says Plutarch, "so do small matters him that is too much intent upon them; they vex and stir up anger, which begets an evil habit in him in reference to greater affairs." Hence it will be a check on temper to try and keep the large issues of life before our eyes. Epictetus, the wise slave, tells us that "everything

has two handles"—by the one it can be easily carried; by the other, not at all. Thus, if your brother has injured you, do not take hold of this event on the side of the injury, for that handle will not support it—it is, as we say, intolerable—but take hold of it by the other handle, and say, "Well, he is my brother, after all; we were brought up together in the same house."

Some people cultivate their taste only on the side that is turned towards evil. Good taste is to them the same as fault-finding and fastidiousness. A gentleman was once mentioned to Daniel Webster as being "a man of very fine tastes." "I think him a man of very fine distastes," replied Webster. True taste consists in a relish for good things—in the power which finds beauty everywhere. The best taste is a generous sentiment, rejoicing not in iniquity, bearing all things, and thinking no evil. It takes hold of everything by the handle of beauty and goodness, and finds them in all things. It might save us from peevish temper if we enumerated more frequently to ourselves the many blessings we enjoy, and the many terrible afflictions we do not suffer. Does any little thing annoy us? Let us think how much worse it would be for us if we had to endure cancer, blindness, insanity, or any other of the thousand maladies which at this moment many better men than ourselves are enduring with patience. We should often ask ourselves how much worse we might be, instead of how much better.

Good temper, it has been said, is nine-tenths of Christianity; and certainly the grumbling of discontent, and the loud shouting of anger, constitute a *Te Deum*, which is in

very bad harmony with the blessings which our heavenly Father showers continually upon our heads. Surely He did not cover the earth with flowers, paint the sky, make the birds musicians, and give the power of laughter, and kind friends to laugh with, in order that we, by our bad tempers and melancholy, should pronounce the world to be "very bad," which He has made, and pronounced to be "very good."

The habit of fretful fault-finding, if too long indulged, may end in madness. We all feel sympathy for one who has become demented from loss of friends, from disappointment, or from a hard lot in life; but we can have no such feeling for grumbling creatures, who make those whose calamity it is to be bound to them as miserable as themselves.

In his "Letter to Young Girls," Mr. Ruskin thus writes: "Keep absolute calm of temper, under all chances; receiving everything that is provoking or disagreeable to you as coming directly from Christ's hand: and the more it is like to provoke you, thank Him for it the more; as a young soldier would his general for trusting him with a hard place to hold on the rampart. And remember, it does not in the least matter what happens to you—whether a clumsy schoolfellow tears your dress, or a shrewd one laughs at you, or the governess doesn't understand you. The *one* thing needful is that none of these things should vex you. For your mind, at this time of your youth, is crystallizing like sugar-candy; and the least jar to it flaws the crystal, and that permanently."

Certainly a person without any temper is not greatly respected. People impose upon milk-and-water good

nature, and are afterwards angry with the weak simpleton who has allowed them to take liberties and misbehave. We like the strong hand and will that can make us go right. "Be not too sweet," says an Afghan proverb, "else men will eat you; be not too bitter, else men will loathe you." This happy medium, that avoids the extremes of weakness and exactingness, is the sort of temper that best qualifies a man for the world's business.

CHAPTER XX.

"ONLY TRIFLES."

"Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life."—*Young.*

"All service is the same with God—
With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
Are we; there is no last nor first.
There is no great, there is no small
To the soul that maketh all."—*Browning.*

WHEN tempted to scorn the little duties of our calling, let us think of such sayings as the following. One day a visitor at Michael Angelo's studio remarked to that great artist, who had been describing certain little finishing "touches" lately given to a statue—"But these are only trifles." "It may be so," replied the sculptor; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no

trifle." In the same spirit the great painter Poussin accounted for his reputation in these words—"Because I have neglected nothing." It is related of a Manchester manufacturer, that, on retiring from business, he purchased an estate from a certain nobleman. The arrangement was that he should have the house with all its furniture just as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed; and on applying to the former owner about it, the latter said: "Well, I certainly did order it to be removed; but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase." "My lord," was the reply, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it." "Oh, what's the good of doing this and that?" we say in reference to departments of our business where quick returns are not forthcoming, or where success does not at once stare us in the face. When Franklin made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, people of this baser sort asked with a sneer, "Of what use is it?" The philosopher's retort was: "What is the use of a child? It may become a man!" Apropos of this remark, grown-up people should remember, while doing improper things in the presence of him who is "only a child," that he will one day become a man just like themselves.

Mr. Careless Nevermind and Miss Notparticular think that great men only deal with great things. The most bril-

liant discoverers were of a different opinion. They made their discoveries by observing and interpreting simple facts. When fools were walking in darkness, the eyes of these wise men were in their heads. Galileo's discovery of the pendulum was suggested to his observant eye by a lamp swinging from the ceiling of Pisa Cathedral. A spider's net suspended across the path of Sir Samuel Brown, as he walked one dewy morning in his garden, was the prompter that gave to him the idea of his suspension bridge across the Tweed. So trifling a matter as the sight of seaweed floating past his ship enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which arose amongst his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the eagerly sought New World was not far off. Galvani observed that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, and it was this apparently insignificant fact that led to the invention of the electric telegraph. While a bad observer may "go through a forest and see no firewood," a true *seer* learns from the smallest things and apparently the most insignificant people. Certainly the power of little things can never be denied by Englishmen who reflect that the chalk cliffs of their island have been built up by little animals—detected only by the help of the microscope—of the same order of creatures that have formed the coral reefs.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that England owes her reputation of being the best workshop in Europe not so much to the fact that she is rich in coal and iron, as because her workmen put, or used to put, a good finish on their work. A country must become and continue great when its

labourers work honestly, paying attention to detail, putting *conscience* into every stone they place and into every nail they drive. There is no fear of England declining so long as it can be said of her workers what was said of the Old Masters in statuary, painting, and cathedral-building:

> "In the elder days of art,
> Builders wrought with greatest care
> Each minute and unseen part,
> For the Gods see everywhere."

How much of this honest workmanship, that careth for little things and not merely for the large and showy, is to be seen on the roof of Milan Cathedral! Here the smallest and least visible statue of the statue forest that tops the building is carved with quite as great care as the largest and most conspicuous.

It has been remarked that we cannot change even a particle of sand on the sea-shore to a different place without changing at the same time the balance of the globe. The earth's centre of gravity will be altered by the action, in an infinitely small degree no doubt, but still altered; and upon this will ensue climatic changes which may influence people's temperaments and actions. Of course this is an absurd refinement; but it illustrates the undoubted fact that the most trivial thought and act carries with it a train of consequences the end of which we may never guess. The veriest trifles become of importance in influencing our own or other people's lives and characters. One look may marry us. Our profession may be settled for us by the most trivial circumstance. "A kiss from my mother," said West,

"made me a painter." Going into an inn for refreshment, Dr. Guthrie saw a picture of John Pounds the cobbler of Portsmouth teaching poor ragged children that had been left by ministers, ladies, and gentlemen to go to ruin on the streets. The sight of this picture hanging over the chimney-piece on that day made Dr. Guthrie the founder of ragged schools.

On a clock in one of the Oxford colleges is inscribed this solemn warning to those who fancy that killing time is not murder: *Periunt et imputantur* ("the hours perish and are laid to our charge"). But is not this equally true of those "odd moments" during which we say it is not worth while commencing or finishing anything? Dr. Smiles tells us that Dr. Mason Good translated Lucretius while driving from patient's house to patient's house; that Dr. Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way; that Hale wrote his "Contemplations" while travelling on circuit; that Elihu Burritt, while earning his living as a blacksmith, mastered eighteen ancient languages and twenty-two European dialects in "odd moments;" that Madame de Genlis composed several of her volumes while waiting for the princess to whom she gave daily lessons. Kirke White learned Greek and J. S. Mill composed "Logic" as they walked to their offices. Many of us get into a fuss if dinner be not to the moment. Not so did D'Aguesseau, one of the greatest Chancellors of France, act. He *used* this *mauvais quart d'heure*, for he is said to have written a large and able volume in the intervals of waiting for dinner. Wellington's achievements were mainly owing to the fact that he personally attended to such minutiæ as soldiers'

shoes, camp-kettles, biscuits, horse-fodder; and it was because Nelson attended to detail in respect of time that he was so victorious. "I owe," he said, "all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." "Every moment lost," said Napoleon, "gives an opportunity for misfortune." Well would it have been for himself—as his bitter end proved—had this European bully known another fact—that every moment selfishly employed is worse than lost, and "gives an opportunity for misfortune!" However, he attributed the defeat of the Austrians to his own greater appreciation of the value of time. While they dawdled he overthrew them.

It may be said that "it is the pace that kills—that people nowadays are more prone to wear themselves out by overworking than to rust unused." But is it not over-anxiety and want of method, rather than overwork, that kills us? Methodical arrangement of time is like packing things in a box: a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.

Little words and acts far more than great ones reveal the manner of a man. No one—in Great Britain at least—could be such a Goth as to rest his heels on the mantelpiece or to spit when sitting in the company of ladies round a fire. It is not, however, given to all to continue sinless as regards those many little things that mark the naturally refined man. Women are said to be better readers of character than men, and perhaps the reason is this: character is shown by minutiæ, and the fine intuition or mental sharp-sightedness by which these are discerned belongs to women in a greater degree than to men.

Without caring in the smallest degree for goodness, we may avoid crime and gross sin because of the police, or because we desire to get on in the world, or because we are afraid of ridicule. The test, therefore, of a fine character is attention to the minutiæ of conduct. Nor does the performance of those large duties, which are almost forced upon us, prove our love to God or to man nearly so convincingly as do the little commonplace services of love—the cheerful word, the cup of cold water—when rendered not grudgingly or of necessity.

Life is made up of little incidents rather than of brilliant achievements. And it is mainly upon *littles* that the peace and comfort of society, and especially of our homes, depend.

> "Little deeds of kindness, little words of love,
> Make the earth an Eden, like the heaven above."

"The greatest evils in life," says Bishop Butler, "have had their rise from somewhat which was thought of too little importance to be attended to." And when we analyze the lives of those who have ruined themselves morally, we generally discover that—

> "It was the little rift within the lute
> That, ever widening, slowly silenced all;
> Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
> That, rotting inward, slowly mouldered all."

By little foxes tender grapes are destroyed, according to Solomon: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes" (Solomon's Song ii. 15). Little foxes are very cunning, and most

difficult to catch; and so are those little temptations by which our moral natures are gradually eaten away. The tender grapes of many a Christian branch are destroyed by such little foxes as temper, discontent, avarice, vanity.

Many who could resist much greater sins yield to these. There is an excitement in the very greatness of the trial or temptation which enables us to resist it; while the chase after little foxes is dull and uninteresting.

St. Paul enumerates nine kinds of spiritual fruit that ought to be found on every Christian branch—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. These tender grapes are destroyed by little foxes rather than by large beasts of prey.

To be "Mistress of herself, though china fall," is considered the hardest test of woman's temper; while, in the case of men, gentleness is sometimes destroyed for a moment by such a little fox as that irritating one called "button off shirt."

Peevishness, if not caught and put an end to, is a little fox that will soon render love, joy, and peace impossible.

Avarice will destroy gentleness and goodness. If the little fox called discontent be not chased away, it will spoil the tender grapes of long-suffering and faith. Meekness is endangered by self-righteousness and every form of pride.

And as regards temperance, let us beware of social drinking customs, extravagant living, and every other little fox by which self-reverence and self-control are destroyed.

There is one way, and one way only, of preventing the tender fruit or the spirit from being destroyed by these little

foxes. We must listen to the gentle encouraging voice of Him who said: "Abide in Me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing." But (to change the metaphor) we may say with Mr. Ruskin, "Most people think, if they keep all the best rooms in their hearts swept and garnished for Christ, that they may keep a little chamber in their heart's wall for Belial on his occasional visits; or a three-legged stool for him in the heart's counting-house; or a corner for him in the heart's scullery, where he may lick the dishes. It won't do! You must cleanse the house of him, as you would of the plague, to the last spot. You must be resolved that as all you have shall be God's, so all you are shall be God's."

How many people are *almost* successful, missing their aim by "Oh, such a little!" Minutiæ in these cases make or mar us. "If I am building a mountain," said Confucius, "and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed." The examination is lost by half a mark. One neck nearer and the race would have been won. The slightest additional effort would have turned the tide of war. "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God," were solemn words, marking the terrible difference between almost and altogether.

CHAPTER XXI.

MISAPPLIED VIRTUES.

"Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied."
—*Shakespeare*, "*Romeo and Juliet.*"

SHAKESPEARE tells us that "virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied." From this text we would draw attention to the often-forgotten fact, that the best and most beautiful points of character may develop into monstrosities, if cultivated without pruning, or in the absence of counterbalancing qualities. A man cannot be too virtuous; but there may be a want of proportion between the good qualities of his mind and heart. How few have well-balanced minds—how few have their feelings under proper control! What is a good temper but a mixture of qualities in due proportion? Where this due

proportion is wanting, the temper and disposition become perverted and bad. Almost all vices are the exaggeration of virtues—"virtues misapplied."

As an illustration of this principle, let us take that faculty by which we conceive and long after perfection, and see how even such a beautiful quality as Ideality may, if too exclusively cultivated, drag down rather than elevate its possessor. This divine Ideality, more than anything else, distinguishes man's nature from that of the brute. From it springs the dissatisfaction with present attainments, possessions, and performances, which induces us to strain after higher ones. To make us dissatisfied with the actual, and to spur us on continually after something for ever desirable, yet for ever receding—this is the office of Ideality. But every faculty has its instinctive, wild growth, which, like the spontaneous produce of the earth, is crude and weedy. Revenge, says Bacon, is a sort of wild justice; obstinacy is untutored firmness, and so exactingness is untrained Ideality; and a very great amount of misery, social and domestic, comes not from the faculty, but from its untrained exercise. The faculty which is ever conceiving, and desiring something better and more perfect, must be modified in its action by good sense, patience, and conscience, otherwise it induces a morbid, discontented spirit, which courses through the veins of individual and family life like a subtle poison.

An exacting person is one who fusses, fumes, finds fault, and scolds, because everything is not perfect in an imperfect world. Much more happy and good is he whose conceptions and desire of excellence are equally strong, but in

whom there is a greater amount of discriminating common sense. A sensible man does not make himself unhappy because he is unable to fly like a bird or swim like a fish. Common sense teaches him that these accomplishments are so utterly unattainable, that they should not be desired.

Most people can see what is faulty in themselves and their surroundings; but while the dreamer frets and wears himself out over the unattainable, the happy, practical man is satisfied with what *can* be attained. There was much wisdom in the answer given by the principal of a large public institution, when complimented on his habitual cheerfulness amid a diversity of cares—"I've made up my mind," he said, "to be satisfied when things are done *half* as well as I would have them."

Ideality often becomes an insidious mental and moral disease, acting all the more subtly from its alliance with what is noblest in us. Shall we not aspire to be perfect? Shall we be content with low standards in anything? To these inquiries there seems to be but one answer; yet the individual driven forward in blind, unreasoning aspiration, becomes wearied, bewildered, discontented, restless, fretful, and miserable. And, being miserable himself, he is almost certain to make others unhappy. This is the secret reason why many pure, good, conscientious persons are only a source of uneasiness to those with whom they come in contact. They are exacting, discontented, unhappy; and spread discontent and unhappiness around them. There are people who make no allowances either for themselves or others, but are equally angry and resentful towards both, and for this

reason, that the great virtue of being dissatisfied with imperfection has turned into a vice, being misapplied.

Blind persistence in trifles, which is a deformed shoot from a very good stock, will furnish one other illustration of the misapplication of virtue. Like many others, this fault is the overaction of a necessary and praiseworthy quality. Without firmness, all human plans would be unstable as water. A poor woman being asked how it was that her son, after going on steadily for a considerable time, became at last changed in character, replied: "I suppose because he had not the gift of continuance." This perseverance of will, or "gift of continuance," is found in greater or less degree in every well-constituted nature. It is seen in the lower animals. The force by which a bulldog holds on to an antagonist, the persistence with which a mule will set himself to resist blows and menaces, are pertinent examples of the animal phase of a property which exists in human beings, and forms the foundation for that perseverance which carries on all the great and noble enterprises of life.

But there is a wild, uncultured growth of this faculty, the instinctive action of firmness uncontrolled by reason or conscience, which does much mischief, and causes no inconsiderable amount of misery. Speaking of this fault, Mrs. Beecher Stowe imagines the case of two young people in the midst of that happy bustle which attends the formation of a first home. Hero and Leander have written each other a letter every day for two years, beginning with "My dearest," and ending with "Your own," &c.; they have sent each other flowers and rings and locks of hair; they have

worn each other's portraits; they are convinced that never was there such sympathy of souls, such coincidence of opinion, such a reasonable foundation for mutual esteem. They do sincerely respect and love each other; nevertheless, the first year of their married life will be a continued battle about trifles, if both of them are set on having their way at all times. For example, this morning Hero and Leander are presiding at the arrangement of the furniture which has just been sent to their pretty cottage.

"Put the piano in the bow-window," says the lady.

"No; not in the bow-window," says the gentleman.

"Why, my dear, of course it must go in the bow-window. How awkward it would look anywhere else! I have always seen pianos in bow-windows."

"My love, you would not think of spoiling that beautiful prospect from the bow-window by blocking it up with a piano. The proper place is just here in the corner of the room."

"My dear, it would look dreadful there, and spoil the appearance of the room."

"Well, for my part, my love, I think the appearance of the room would be spoiled if you filled up the bow-window. Think what a lovely place that would be to sit in!"

"Just as if we couldn't sit there behind the piano if we wanted to! I insist upon it, it ought to stand in the bow-window."

"Well, I don't think you ought to insist on an arrangement that really is disagreeable to me."

And now Hero's cheeks flush, and the spirit burns within.

But we need not quote all her foolish sayings, or those of Leander, as round and round they go, stating and restating their arguments, both getting more and more nervous and combative, as the animal instinct of self-will grows stronger and stronger.

> "Alas! how light a cause may move
> Dissension between hearts that love,"

when the noble quality of firmness is in this way misapplied.

We might mention innumerable instances of the misapplication of virtues. There cannot be a higher quality than Conscientiousness, yet even this may degenerate into censoriousness or hopeless self-condemnation. It was the constant prayer of the great and good Bishop Butler that he might be saved from what he called "scrupulosity." Veneration may become bigotry; and if a man be blindly reverential, he will probably sink to degrading superstition. Where there is a deficiency in Combativeness, there is little energy and force of character; but the excess of this quality makes a person fault-finding and contentious.

In two ways good qualities become warped from their original purpose. Our faculties are "like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh" when any one faculty is allowed to make its voice heard above that of the rest; or when, not being too loud itself, a discord is created, because the opposite faculty that should harmonize it has been silenced.

Every faculty may become diseased. Insanity is more or less partial. Firmness requires to be kept in check by Benevolence. Self-esteem gives dignity and independence to the

character, but it must be harmonized by Humility. Cautiousness and Prudence, if allowed to become morbid, may almost unfit a man for action.

If, then, we are endeavouring to cultivate ourselves and others, we must see that no one faculty, however good in itself, is developed unduly, or without equal care being bestowed on the growth of a counterbalancing faculty. That only is a true system of education which aims at the development, not of some, but of all the powers of man. In a well-balanced pair of scales, a feather on one side is found to turn the scale just as really as if a ton had been put into it. In the same way, if a man be deficient in one element, a fair development of the opposite quality will show an excess. Some men are exceedingly good; but being deficient in force and energy of character, they produce upon society very little influence. They are like lemonade with the lemon left out—altogether too sweet and insipid. Some, again, have a predominance of animal propensity, and their tendency of character is toward animal indulgences. Others have moral power, with too little intelligence to guide it. Others are warped and unbalanced by a predominance of social feeling. If they had enough of something else to balance their social sympathies, while people would admire them as the "best fellows in the world," they would not be obliged to regret in their behalf a course of dissipation and folly. Thus it is that even the most admired virtues become vicious, unless they are directed in their exercise by that "sweet reasonableness" which "turns to scorn the falsehood of extremes."

CHAPTER XXII.

VITAL FORCE.

"Faraday was a man of excitable and fiery nature; but, through high self-discipline, he had converted the fire into a central glow and motive power of life, instead of permitting it to waste itself in useless passion."—*Tyndall.*

"Dost thou love life, then do not squander time (or energy), for that is the stuff life is made of."—*Franklin.*

ALTHOUGH we have not the slightest conception of what life is in itself, and consequently could not define it, we may, for the sake of convenience, think of it as a kind of force.

"In the wonderful story," says Professor Huxley in his "Lay Sermons," "of the *Peau de Chagrin*, the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass's skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire, the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last

handbreadth of the *peau de chagrin* disappear with the gratification of a last wish. Protoplasm or the physical basis of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm. Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and, in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on for ever. But, happily, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* differs in its capacity of being repaired and brought back to its full size after every exertion. For example, this present lecture is conceivably expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By and by I shall have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size."

This explanation may be very philosophical, but it is only a roundabout way of saying that, within reasonable bounds, we can recover the effects of exhaustion by proper food and rest; which, as a fact, people are pretty well acquainted with. The error to be avoided is, in any shape to make such a pull on the constitution as to be beyond the reach of recovery. Life-stuff, or protoplasm, is an inherent quantity not to be heedlessly wasted; and this truth becomes more apparent the older we grow. Why is one man

greater, in the sense of being more powerful, than another? Because he knows how to get out of himself a greater amount of work with less waste of life-stuff.

We see from experience that the more men have to do the more they can do. And this paradox is only reasonable, for it is the necessity of great work that forces upon us systematic habits, and teaches us to economize the power that is in us. With the cares of an empire on their shoulders, Prime Ministers can make time to write poems, novels, Homeric or Biblical studies. It is the busy-idle man who never loses an opportunity of assuring you that "he has not a moment in the day to himself, and that really he has no time to look round him." Of course idle people have no time to spare, because they have never learned how to save the odd minutes of the day, and because their vital energy is expended in fuss rather than in work.

"He hath no leisure," says George Herbert, "who useth it not;" that is to say, he who does not save time for his work when he can, is always in a hurry. One of the most sublime conceptions of the Deity we can form is that He is never idle, and never in a hurry.

The following words from a newspaper description of the sublime calmness of power manifested by the huge hydraulic crane used to lift a hundred ton gun, we take as our type of the powerful man who knows how to economize his vital force instead of wasting it by fussing: "Is there not something sublime in a hydraulic crane which lifts a Titanic engine of destruction weighing a hundred tons to a considerable height with as noiseless a calm and as much

absence of apparent stress or strain as if it had been a boy-soldier's pop-gun? When we further read of the hydraulic monster holding up its terrible burden motionless in mid-air until it is photographed, and then lowering it gently and quietly on a sort of extemporized cradle without the least appearance of difficulty, one can readily understand that the mental impression produced on the bystanders must have been so solemn as to manifest itself in most eloquent silence." With the same freedom from excitement and difficulty does the strong man, who saves his force for worthy objects, raise up morally and physically depressed nations, take cities, or, what is harder to do still, rule his own spirit. It is the fashion nowadays to say that people are killed or turned into lunatics by overwork, and no doubt there is much truth in the complaint. Nevertheless it would seem that vital force is wasted almost as much by the idle man as by him who overworks himself for the purpose of "getting on." It is indolence which exhausts, by allowing the entrance of fretful thoughts into the mind; not action, in which there is health and pleasure. We never knew a man without a profession who did not seem always to be busy. It may be he was occupied in worrying about the dinner or the place where he should spend his holiday—which he did not work for—in correcting his wife, in inventing pleasures, and abusing them when found, in turning the house upside down by doing little jobs foolishly supposed to be useful. And women, too, when stretched on the rack of a too easy chair, are they not forced to confess that there is as much vital force

required to enable them to endure the "pains and penalties of idleness" as would, if rightly directed, render them useful, and therefore happy? The fact is, there are far more who die of selfishness and idleness than of overwork, for where men break down by overwork it is generally from not taking care to order their lives and obey the physical laws of health.

Let us consider a few of the many ways in which we waste the stuff that life is made of. It has been well said that "the habit of looking on the bright side of things is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year;" and certainly it is a habit that must add many years to the lives of those who acquire it. Really every fit of despondency and every rage take so much out of us, that any one who indulges in either without a great struggle to prevent himself doing so should be characterized as little less than a fool. How silly it seems even to ourselves after cooling, to have acquired a nervous headache, and to have become generally done up, stamping round the room, and showing other signs of foolish anger, because dinner was five minutes late, or because some one's respect for us did not quite rise to the high standard measured by our egotism! As if it were not far more important that we should save our vital energy, and not get into a rage, than that dinner should be served exactly to the moment.

One day a friend of Lord Palmerston asked him when he considered a man to be in the prime of life; his immediate reply was "Seventy-nine. But," he added, with a playful smile, "as I have just entered my eightieth year,

perhaps I am myself a little past it!" How is it that such men work on vigorously to the end? Because they treasure their ever-diminishing vital force. They carefully refrain from making a pull on the constitution. Reaching the borders of seventy years of age, they as good as say to themselves: "We must now take care what we are about." They make sacrifices, avoid a number of treacherous gaieties, and, living simply, they perhaps give some cause of offence, for the world does not approve of singularity. But let those laugh who win. They hold the censorious observations of critics in derision, and maintain the even tenor of their way. In other words, they conserve their vital force, and try to keep above ground as long as possible. Blustering natures, forgetful of the great truth that "power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness," miss the ends for which they strive just because the force that is in them is not properly economized.

Then as regards temper: any man who allows that to master him wastes as much energy as would enable him to remove the cause of anger or overcome an opponent. The little boy of eight years old, who in the country is often seen driving a team of four immense dray-horses, is one of the innumerable instances of the power of reason over mere brute-force, which should induce violent tempers to become calm from policy, if from no higher motive.

Many people squander their life's energy by not living enough in the present. They enjoy themselves badly and work badly, because they are either regretting mistakes committed in the past, or anticipating future sorrows. Now,

certainly no waste of force is so foolish as this, because if our mistakes are curable, the same energy would counteract their bad effects as we expend in regretting; and if they are incurable, why think any more about them? None but a child cries over spilt milk. The mischief is done, and let it be forgotten, only taking care for the future. Sometimes people keep fretting about troubles that may never take place, and spend life's energy on absolutely nothing. Real worry from Torturations of various sorts is quite enough, and causes a greater draught on our vital force than hard work. Let us not, therefore, aggravate matters by anticipating troubles that are little better than visionary.

In looking ahead, it is of immense importance not to enter into any transaction in which there are wild risks of cruel disaster. There we touch on the grand worry of the age. A violent haste to get rich! Who shall say how much the unnaturally rapid heart-beats with which rash speculators in shares in highly varnished but extremely doubtful undertakings receive telegraphic messages of bad or good fortune, must use up their life's force? Hearts beating themselves to death! Rushing to trains, jumping upstairs, eating too fast, going to work before digestion has been completed—these are habits acquired naturally in days when it is the fashion to live at high-pressure; but such habits are surely not unavoidable, and would be avoided if we thoroughly valued our vital force.

There are persons of a nervous temperament who seem to be always upon wires. Nature has given them energy; but their physique is in many cases inadequate to supply

the demands made upon it. The steam is there, but the boiler is too weak. Duke d'Alva, according to Fuller, must have been of this nature. "He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it." The same thought was wittily expressed by Sydney Smith when he exclaimed: "Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend ——, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed." Now these are just the sort of people who should not kill themselves, for, though wrapped in small parcels, they are good goods. They owe it as a duty to themselves and others not to allow their fiery souls "to fret their pygmy bodies to decay"—not to throw too much zeal into trifles, in order that they may have a supply of life-force for things important. He who desires to wear well must take for his motto "Nothing in excess." Such a one avoids dinners of many courses, goes to bed before twelve o'clock, and does not devote his energy to the endurance of overheated assemblies. When young men around him have got athletics on the brain, he keeps his head and health by exercising only moderately. He is not ambitious of being in another's place, but tries quietly to adorn his own. "Give me innocence; make others great!" When others are killing themselves to get money, and to get it quickly, that with it they may make a show, he prays the prayer of Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," for he thinks more of the substance than of the shadow. This is the truly wise and successful man, and to him shall be given, by the

Divine laws of nature, riches (that is, contentment), and honour (that is, self-respect), and a long life, because he did not waste the steam by which the machine was worked. In homely proverb, he "kept his breath to cool his porridge," and most probably was a disciple of Izaak Walton.

At this point, perhaps the secret thoughts of some who have not yet learned how "it is altogether a serious matter to be alive," may take this shape. "What, after all," they may ask, "is the good of economizing life's force? Often I hardly know what to do with myself, nor have I much purpose in life beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping." To such thoughts we should give somewhat of the following answer: There is a work for every single person in the world, and his happiness as well as his duty lies in doing that work well. This is a consideration which should communicate a zest to our feelings about life. We should rejoice, as experience teaches us that each of us has the means of being useful, and thus of being happy. None is left out, however humble may be our position and limited our faculties, for we all can do our best; and though success may not be ours, it is enough if we have deserved it. Certainly if there be any purpose in the universe, a day will come when we shall all have to answer such questions as these: "You were given a certain amount of life-force; what have you done with it? Where are your works? Did you try to make the little corner in which you were placed happier and better than it was before you came into it?" One day we shall all think nothing so valuable as the smallest amount of that force without which we cannot live.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

"If I were a cobbler, it would be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be;
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me."—*Old Song.*

"He, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself."—*Izaak Walton.*

"BUT what a rare thing is success in life!" said Endymion. "I often wonder whether I shall ever be able to step out of the crowd." "You may have success in life without stepping out of the crowd," said the baron. This answer of the baron, quoted from Lord Beacons-

... to sum up the true philosophy of ... success in life without stepping out of ... be assured of this, for to succeed ... if not of every young Endy- ... If to succeed in life ... very anxious, very powerful, or ... but a very few ... more than one in ... distinction, and ... wonderful thing

... monopo- ... good and to do ... kind of ... says ... entire ... success- ... when ... ...

The great natural philosopher, Faraday, who was th
a blacksmith, wrote, when a young man, to Sir H. Da
ing for employment at the Royal Institution. Sir H
consulted a friend on the matter. "Here is a letter
young man named Faraday; he has been attend
lectures, and wants me to give him employment at th
Institution—what can I do?" "Do? put him t
bottles; if he is good for anything he will do it dire
he refuses he is good for nothing." Faraday washing
would be quite as successful a man as Professor I
lecturing at the Royal Institution if both kinds of wo
equally well done.

But there is hardly any one who sets self-devel
before him as an aim in life. An idol called "succ
put up for worship, and people are ready to sacrifice
and happiness upon its altar.

In his book on "Responsibility in Mental Disea
Maudsley well says: "The aims which chiefly predom
riches, position, power, applause of men—are such a
ably breed and foster many bad passions in the eag
petition to attain them. Hence, in fact, come disap
ambition, jealousy, grief from loss of fortune, all the t
of wounded self-love, and a thousand other mental su
—the commonly enumerated moral causes of insanity
are griefs of a kind to which a rightly developed
should not fall a prey. There need be no disap
ambition if a man were to set before himself a true
life, and to work definitely for it; no envy nor jeal
he considered that it mattered not whether he did

field's story, seems to us to sum up the true philosophy of life. "You may have success in life without stepping out of the crowd." It is well to be assured of this, for to succeed in life is the natural ambition, if not of every young Endymion, at least of his parents for him. If to succeed in life it were necessary to become very famous, very powerful, or very rich, success would be the monopoly of but a very few people. It has been calculated that not more than one in four thousand may be expected to attain distinction, and that not one in a million possesses that wonderful thing called genius.

But there is a real sort of success that cannot be monopolized. Our being's end and aim is to be good and to do good. Here every one may succeed, for character is a kind of wealth that knows no failure. "They truly are faithful," says the author of the "Imitatio Christi," "who devote their entire lives to amendment." Every man may make his life successful in this sense. And as one is never so successful as when he thinks least of success, such an one will probably gain in the long run more happiness, and exercise a greater influence in the world than his more grasping neighbour. We miss the force of the words of St. James, "God is no respecter of persons," when we forget that the original meaning of the word person (*persona*) was the mask worn by an actor. In the great tragi-comedy of life each sustains a "person." What the *rôle* is in the play which each sustains, this God does not regard, but only how he sustains it. And we may be sure that he who cannot play well a subordinate part in the drama of life, will do no better if given a higher *rôle*.

The great natural philosopher, Faraday, who was the son of a blacksmith, wrote, when a young man, to Sir H. Davy, asking for employment at the Royal Institution. Sir H. Davy consulted a friend on the matter. "Here is a letter from a young man named Faraday; he has been attending my lectures, and wants me to give him employment at the Royal Institution—what can I do?" "Do? put him to wash bottles; if he is good for anything he will do it directly; if he refuses he is good for nothing." Faraday washing bottles would be quite as successful a man as Professor Faraday lecturing at the Royal Institution if both kinds of work were equally well done.

But there is hardly any one who sets self-development before him as an aim in life. An idol called "success" is put up for worship, and people are ready to sacrifice health and happiness upon its altar.

In his book on "Responsibility in Mental Disease," Dr. Maudsley well says: "The aims which chiefly predominate—riches, position, power, applause of men—are such as inevitably breed and foster many bad passions in the eager competition to attain them. Hence, in fact, come disappointed ambition, jealousy, grief from loss of fortune, all the torments of wounded self-love, and a thousand other mental sufferings—the commonly enumerated moral causes of insanity. They are griefs of a kind to which a rightly developed nature should not fall a prey. There need be no disappointed ambition if a man were to set before himself a true aim in life, and to work definitely for it; no envy nor jealousy, if he considered that it mattered not whether he did a great

thing or some one else did it, Nature's only concern being that it should be done; no grief from loss of fortune, if he estimated at its true value that which fortune can bring him, and that which fortune can never bring him; no wounded self-love, if he had learned well the eternal lesson of life—self-renunciation."

This may be called "unpractical"; but we cannot help thinking that if parents would sometimes reflect on such ideals, they would have less of false and more of true ambition than they now have. They would wish their children to turn out useful rather than brilliant, good rather than clever. As it is, a dull child is too often snubbed and rendered miserable because he does not give promise of shining in the world; while his precocious brother, who will probably do far less (precocious brains being often the worst), is lionized to strangers, and regarded as a sort of Liebig's Essence for the support of the family. Perhaps it is owing to this association of early ideas that at school the clever boy who spends the shortest time possible at his books is considered by his companions a far greater man than his less clever class-fellow who wins in the long run by working more conscientiously.

How much uselessness as well as unhappiness might children be spared if their parents would goad them less and sometimes cheer up that dulness which has fallen to the lot of most of us, by saying:

> "Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever;
> Do noble things—nor dream them all day long;
> And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
> One grand sweet song."

To make money, to be talked about, to get one's name into the papers, to be seen in the society of titled people—this is the only success in life that many people can imagine. To such persons we might say, "Succeeding? what is the great use of succeeding? Failing? where is the great harm?" For, as Macaulay moralizes in his "Sermon in a Churchyard":

"The plots and feats of those that press
To seize on titles, wealth, and power,
Shall seem to thee a game of chess,
Devised to pass a tedious hour.

What matters it to him who fights
For shows of unsubstantial good,
Whether his kings and queens and knights
Be things of flesh, or things of wood?

We check and take, exult and fret;
Our plans extend, our passions rise,
Till in our ardour we forget
How worthless is the victor's prize.

Soon fades the spell, soon comes the night.
Say, will it not be then the same
Whether we play the black or white,
Whether we lose or win the game?"

We are not so foolish as to affect to despise fame, money, rank, power. Desire of fame, if it be an infirmity, is the infirmity of noble minds, and the spur to great achievement. But we must distinguish between fame and notoriety. To be talked about is very different from being famous. Indeed, it not seldom happens that the more a man is talked about the less is his real influence. Let us not torment our lives and mar ultimate usefulness by striving after cheap publicity.

It is certainly the part of wise men to endeavour "to catch Dame Fortune's golden smile"—

> "Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Nor for a train-attendant;
> But for the glorious privilege
> Of being *independent*."

And also because money is a great force which may be put to very noble uses. We all know, however, that money cannot buy happiness. There are the miserable rich as well as the "miserable poor." Great wealth is sometimes a heavy burden, and the life of a very rich person may be and often is a great failure.

Nor should we envy those in power unless we are sure that we would make a good use of their position. That the possession of such things as wealth and rank do not necessarily constitute success, is proved by the despairing words of many, who with every outward advantage have failed utterly in life. Apparently successful people are sometimes great failures. As life goes on most people begin to feel that the word "happy" has no light meaning, and requires more than mere worldly prosperity or enjoyment to answer to its signification. Sick of herself through very selfishness, the wife of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., thus spoke in her hour of death: "Do you not see that I am dying of weariness amidst a fortune that can scarcely be imagined? I have been young and pretty; I have tasted pleasure. I have been everywhere loved. In an age more advanced I have passed some years in the commerce of the mind, and I protest to you that all conditions leave a frightful void. I can

endure no more, I wish only to die." Here surely is an illustration of the words, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it."

Sometimes the very greatness of a man's ambition renders him contented. It was so in the case of Dr. Arnold. Speaking of his own early struggles to a Rugby pupil, who was consulting him on the choice of a profession, he said, "I believe that, naturally, I am one of the most ambitious men alive," and "the three great objects of human ambition," he added, to which alone he could look as deserving the name, were, "to be the prime minister of a great kingdom, the governor of a great empire, or the writer of works which should live in every age and in every country." "But in some respects," says his biographer, "the loftiness of his aim made it a matter of less difficulty to confine himself to a sphere in which, whilst he felt himself well and usefully employed, he felt also that the practical business of his daily duties acted as a check upon his own inclinations and speculations." "I have always thought," wrote Dr. Arnold, "with regard to ambition, that I should like to be *aut Cæsar aut nullus*, and as it is pretty well settled for me that I shall not be *Cæsar*, I am quite content to live in peace as *nullus*.'

We must, however, guard against becoming a prey to apathetic indolence while endeavouring to escape the fretful stir and unprofitable fever of "getting on." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," is the motto of noble ambition, not less, but far more than of vulgar self-seeking. It requires much more perseverance and energy to perfect character than to become a

"great success" in the estimation of the world. The success which may be obtained without stepping out of the crowd—the success open to all—is only gained in actual fact by patient continuance in well-doing. It is not ease but effort, not smoothness but difficulty, that makes manly men and Christian character.

Our age worships success, and, as a consequence, we are often brutally unfair in our estimate of "failures." A chapter of accidents raises one general or statesman to the highest heaven of popular favour. Another is called hard names because time and chance were against him, and he could not accomplish impossibilities. "The world which credits what is done is cold to all that might have been."

But the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. While there are victories as disastrous as defeats, there are such things as victorious failures. A man may do his best and fail to gain the prize or position at which he aims. And yet his apparent failure may be a real success if he have worked in the spirit of the noble lines—

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

Some time ago a man sent a circular to many of the so-called leading men in different positions of life, politely requesting them to be good enough to explain why they were failures. Imagine the feelings of a certain duke, cabinet minister, bishop, general, barrister, medical man of high reputation and others, on receiving this invitation. It was scarcely like an additional lump of sugar in their

breakfast cup of tea to be asked to think—actually to think—if they were really as great successes after all as a foolish world gave them credit for being. It was once said of the highest ecclesiastic in Christendom, that for the sake of gaining to-day, he had thrown away to-morrow for ever. A monk prayed to know where he would sit in Paradise, and he had a dream in which he found himself placed at the feet of an old washerwoman.

In the great by and by there will be a change all round, and many that are first shall be last, while the last shall be first. Every one is at least morally more successful or less successful than he appears to his neighbours.

> "To One is the secret shown
> Of the hidden—the double life;
> To One is its conflict known,
> Of the better and baser at strife.
> If I am not what others may deem,
> Yet judge me not counterfeit, sham;
> I am far less good than I seem,
> Yet I seem not so good as I am!"

We see, then, that it is quite possible to be successful without forcing one's self into a higher grade of society, as it is foolishly called. Let every man strive to succeed in his own line. The carpenter who makes good chairs and tables better deserves a crown than a king who cannot govern. We must all admire and consider successful the crossing-sweeper whose honest pride it was that he could do "an ornamental piece of sweeping round a lamp-post." To cease from sin, to become virtuous, to cleanse one's heart by the grace of God—this is to be successful in life.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"IN ALL TIME OF OUR WEALTH."

"The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health."—*Gray.*

"Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common; let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows, and flowers and fountains, that we have met with since we met together?"—*Izaak Walton.*

"IN all time of our wealth." Most people know the meaning of this phrase in the Litany. Of course it does not mean in all time when we have plenty of change in our pockets, and a respectable account at our bankers; but in all time of our well-being, when we have health and

youth, and the capacity of loving, and kind friends to love us —in a word, when we have nature's riches. It is curious how we despise our best gifts merely because they are common, and refuse to consider ourselves prosperous and well off unless we possess many coins and titles—things outside ourselves. In his old age, Montaigne used to say, "I am ready to jump out of my skin with joy, as for an uncommon favour, when nothing ails me." Considering how common disease is, and the terrible forms of it that afflict many better people than ourselves, ought we not all to be ready to jump out of our skins with joy, as for an uncommon favour, when nothing ails us? Health is the best kind of wealth; but few of us appreciate its value until we lose it. What is health but the perfection of life, and the one great boon which gives the means of enjoying all the others? It is the portal through which life can enter upon its natural enjoyments. Without health the salt of life loses its savour; whereas, when health is in its prime, the troubles and reverses of life weigh not more heavily than the raindrops which glide off the duck's back. Indeed, at times—rare times it may be, in this high-pressure age—a state of health may be distinctly felt as a happiness of itself, being the perfection of that rhythmic and harmonious movement of varied powers and sensations which constitutes existence.

Even greater riches than health can give come from loving and being loved. Love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent. interest on the outlay. Joy is wealth, and loving and being loved produce the highest and most lasting joy. Love is the legal tender of the soul, and we need not

be rich to be happy. If a man were emperor of the whole world, and never had loved, and never was loved, he would have to confess that to him the time of wealth never came. It is not necessary to be rich in order to be happy. It is only necessary to love. The real wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and by which he is loved and blessed. Unhappily, many people only love their friends when they have gone from them, for regret is an instructive thing, and tears enlighten our understanding. "She's good, being gone!" exclaims Shakespeare's Antony, when the death of his wife is told him. He had not been a good husband to Fulvia, nor had Fulvia been a gentle and winsome wife to him who was the slave of Cleopatra. But of even Fulvia's death Antony could not hear without emotion, without a pang of remorse. He had ill-treated her, and he knew it; he perhaps had hastened her death, and he felt it.

> "She's good, being gone;
> These hands would pluck her back that shoved her on."

How we prize what we despised when present!

> "It so falls out,
> That what we have we prize not to the worth
> Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
> Why, then we rack the value; then we find
> The virtue, that possession would not show us
> Whiles it was ours."

The ghosts of our dead associations rise and haunt us, in revenge for our having let them starve, and abandoned them to perish. In his "Reminiscences," Carlyle thus

speaks of his dead wife: "Alas, her love was never completely known to me, and how celestial it was, till I lost her! Oh, for five minutes more of her! I have often said, since April last, to tell her with what perfect love and admiration, as of the beautifulest of known human souls, I did intrinsically always regard her! But all minutes of the time are inexorably past; be wise, all ye living, and remember that time passes and does not return." Elsewhere again —"Blind and deaf that we are: oh, think, if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is too late." In this respect, as in so many others, we despise the time of our best wealth.

> "'Tis sad to see, with death between,
> The good we have passed, and have not seen."

Nor is it only the love of persons that makes us really wealthy. The naturalist, who loves things small as well as great, and studies the creatures of the woods and fields, gains a treasure which is imperishable. It is laid away where moth and rust do not corrupt, and thieves do not break through and steal.

> "The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
> For human fellowship, as being void
> Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike
> To love and friendship, that is not pleased
> With sight of animals enjoying life,
> Nor feels their happiness augment his own.
> * * * * *

Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
Of flavour or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

"To see is to have," says a French proverb. The owner of an estate may not be its real possessor; for he may be unable to enjoy it. A millionaire pays thousands of pounds for a gallery of paintings, and some boy or girl comes in, with open mind and poetic fancy, and carries away a treasure of beauty which the owner never saw. In some cases, ownership is essential to enjoyment; in others, ownership excludes it, since the most beautiful things are by nature indivisible. What are the things that give men the keenest joy? Precisely the things which belong to no one; such as national glory, the greatness of the past, the supreme works of literature and art, the beauties of nature.

Again, a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. Character is property. It is the noblest of possessions. Charteris, a notorious scoundrel of his time, once said to a man who was distinguished for his religious principles, "I would give a thousand pounds to have your good character." "Why?" inquired the other. "Because I would make ten thousand pounds by it," was the reply. Epictetus once received a visit from a certain magnificent orator going to Rome on a lawsuit, who wished to learn from the Stoic something of his philosophy. Epictetus received his visitor coolly, not believing in his sincerity. "You will only criticize my style," said he; "not really

wishing to learn principles." "Well, but," said the orator, "if I attend to that sort of thing, I shall be a mere pauper like you, with no plate, nor equipage, nor land." "I don't want such things," replied Epictetus; "and besides, you are poorer than I am, after all. Patron or no patron, what care I? You do care. I am richer than you. I don't care what Cæsar thinks of me. I flatter no one. This is what I have, instead of your gold and silver plate. You have silver vessels, but earthenware reasons, principles, appetites. My mind to me a kingdom is, and it furnishes me with abundant and happy occupation in lieu of your restless idleness. All your possessions seem small to you; mine seem great to me. Your desire is insatiate—mine is satisfied."

Consider, again, how wealthy persons are who have succeeded in cultivating good tempers. Hume, the historian, has left on record his opinion, that the disposition to look on the bright side of things, and to make the best of everything that is good, is equivalent to a large fortune to its happy possessor. To himself at least his habit of looking on the bright side of things must have been to Nasmyth as valuable as the invention of the steam-hammer. His biographer tells us that he used to think one of his friends had a charming and kindly twinkle, till one day he discovered that he had a glass eye.

"My kingdom for a moment," said Queen Elizabeth on her death-bed; and when we come to die we, too, shall consider time the truest riches. And yet, when young and strong, how prodigal we are of this the stuff of which our

lives are made. We kill time, though in doing so we are far more wasteful than a millionaire would be if he were to throw sovereigns and diamonds into the sea.

Pope's line—"Man never is but always to be blessed"—furnishes a key to the characters of a large class of persons. The simple pleasures of life which it is in the power of every one to enjoy are uncared for by them. The beauties of nature on a summer day, home, the love of children, the pleasures of friendship—these things they will not condescend to notice, much less to appreciate at their true value. They are always expecting to be happy in a future day. Discontented with the present, they crave after some enjoyment of a thrilling, exciting kind, which they look forward to obtaining in the future. They can never realize the fact that they are blessed in the present, and that the future will bring with it no greater blessings. Those who are of this temperament feel very melancholy when they arrive at the period of middle age, and look back upon their lives. They have had blessings showered upon them, and yet they have enjoyed nothing. "My life is passing very quickly," they think, "but up to this time with what I most enjoyed I have been least contented. Little things seemed too small to afford enjoyment, and great pleasures never came. And yet how happy I might have been if only I had lived in the present, and ceased to expect some moment of undefined pleasure in the future. Like an absent-minded man who looks about for his hat when it is on his head, I have had simple pleasures near me without ever becoming aware of the fact." We go on a day's excursion, and some

little jealousy against a fellow excursionist deprives us of the enjoyment to which we had looked forward. We get out of bed "on the wrong side," as it is said, and on that day our only pleasure is to be displeased. Like spoiled children, we break our toys and cry for new ones. We become sick of ourselves through very selfishness, and lo! hateful are the bright blue sky and the fowls of the air and the lilies of the fields; and we care for nobody, and nobody cares for us. The present we do not enjoy, but the future—surely that will bring us bliss? No; for if a man is not blessed he never will be. Truly we are happier than we know, and we ought to ask God in all time of our wealth to give us that due sense of His mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful. As at an auction we let good bargains pass because we fail to quickly appreciate and bid for them, so we do in life. We let pass and never bid for many of the best things it is daily offering to us.

> "Oft as the price-descending hammer falls
> He notes it in his book, then raps his box,
> Swears 'tis a bargain, rails at his hard fate
> That he has let it pass—but never bids."

"Is life worth living?" It depends upon the liver. If one don't eat too much there is enjoyment in the world; all have trials, but an end will come soon enough. "'Tis always morning somewhere in the world"—this motto, written on a sun-dial, teaches us to look for the bright side that belongs to everything.

Whatever be our lot it might be worse. Æsop tells us that when the fox complained of the want of a tail, the mould-

warp was very wroth with him and his companions. "Ycu complain of toys, but I am blind; be quiet." "Fancy,' says Carlyle to the grumbler, "thou deservest to be hanged (as is most likely), thou wilt feel it happiness to be only shot."

"Having food and raiment, let us be content." Diogenes, walking through a country fair, and observing ribbons and looking-glasses, and nutcrackers, and fiddles, and hobby horses, and many other gimcracks, is said to have exclaimed, "Lord, how many things there are in the world of which Diogenes hath no need!" "Who is the richest of men?" asked Socrates. "He who is content with the least, for contentment is nature's riches." Enough is enough.

But there are some people who, like the Irish nation, don't want to be satisfied; and yet if all men had to bring their burdens and lay them down, the most discontented would prefer to keep their own rather than carry the burdens of their neighbours. "Thy will be done." Resignation calms our passions, controls our murmurs, curtails our griefs, and kindles our cheerfulness. It is, as Bishop Butler has said, "the whole of religion." Do your best, and trust for the rest. Contentment produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist used to ascribe to what he called the Philosopher's Stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire for them.

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?
O punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!"

Certainly there is such a thing as "divine discontent." We should never be content with our sins and imperfections, but take "Excelsior" for our motto, and always endeavour to move upwards. In this sense it is surely better to be Socrates discontented, than a pig contented. Every one is as God made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse. That we are worse off morally than we might be, is the only real cause we have for discontent, and surely the remedy is in our own hands.

CHAPTER XXV

MORE SUNSHINE.

"In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow."—*Longfellow*

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore."—*Ibid.*

"'Tis the greatest folly
Not to be jolly;
That's what I think!"—*Ibid.*

THE fable tells us that the North Wind and the Sun disputed which was the more powerful, and agreed that he should be declared the victor who could first strip a wayfaring man of his clothes. The North Wind first tried his power, and blew with all his might, but the keener

became his blasts the closer the traveller wrapped his cloak around him, till at last, resigning all hope of victory, he called upon the Sun to see what he could do. The sun suddenly shone out with all his warmth. The traveller no sooner felt his genial rays than he took off one garment after another, and at last, fairly overcome with heat, undressed, and bathed in a stream that lay in his path.

This parable teaches that persuasion is better than force, and we may learn from it also how powerful is the moral sun of an unselfish temper in stripping off certain habits that make people hard to live with. We all know that there is such a thing as moral sunshine, and that domestic happiness depends for its very existence upon its powerful influence. The moment we enter a sunny household we feel its genial warmth. Husband and wife pull together, they love and help each other. The children like their lives, and every one in the household feels their happiness. The servants find their places so comfortable that they mean to make the house their home. There is a natural grace and ease; a sense of refuge from disquiet. Truly the light of such homes is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.

But there are other and very different homes. The shadows that God sends into them may be few, but the inmates make for themselves many. Such a self-made shadow is—grumbling. What if breakfast be a few moments late, or the coffee not quite clear? for such things as these is a man to be sour with his wife and disagreeable to his children? What though a girl tear her frock, a boy bring a

little mud indoors on careless feet, or both run up and down stairs faster and with more noise than is desirable? For these things shall mother fret and fume, assume the air of an injured martyr, or scold like "Katharine the curst"?

> "A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
> Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty."

How foolish she is to thus disfigure herself as well as her home by reason of trifling troubles, which, a hundred minutes after they occur, seem even to herself to be of no more importance than "the thin end of nothing whittled fine!"

Sunlike pleasures never shine in idle homes. If a useful occupation or innocent hobby be not provided for the several members of a family they are sure to spend their time in maliciously tormenting each other. Something attempted, something done, not only earns the night's repose, but enables us to enjoy the sunshine of contentment and good temper during the day. Much of our melancholy ill-humour disappears like a nightmare the moment we bestir ourselves. Even the baby must have its attention occupied, or it will loudly testify to its hatred of *ennui*.

> "There is a firefly in the Southern clime
> That shineth only when upon the wing.
> So is it with the mind; when once we rest, we darken."

How much more we might make of our family life, if every secret thought of love blossomed into a deed! We do not speak of personal caresses. These may, or may not, be the best language of affection. Many are endowed with a

delicacy, a fastidiousness of physical organization, which shrinks from too much of these, repelled and overpowered. But there are words and looks, and little observances, and watchful attentions, which speak of love, which make it manifest, and there is scarce a family which might not be richer in heart-wealth for more of them.

It is a mistake to suppose that relations must, of course, love each other because they are relations. Love must be cultivated, and can be increased by judicious culture, as wild fruits may double their bearing under the hand of a gardener; and love can dwindle and die out by neglect, as choice flower-seeds planted in poor soil dwindle and grow single.

We do not wish to imply by anything that has been said that the members of a family should form themselves into "a mutual admiration society," too polite ever to find fault or make any attempt to improve each other. Such excessive sweetness would not be wholesome.

Good nature is not everything. Indeed it is possible to be so good-natured as to be good for nothing. Manners may be only skin deep. A man may "smile and smile and be a villain," and we have all known husbands and fathers who flattered and tried to please their wives and children by words only. A groom used to spend whole days in curry-combing and rubbing down his horse, but at the same time stole his oats and sold them. "Alas!" said the horse, "if you really wish me to be in good condition, you would groom me less, and feed me more." Still the rubbing down process need not and ought not to be neglected. The

"good condition" of a family depends to a great degree upon the true politeness of its several members.

> "By soft endearments in kind strife
> Lightening the load of daily life!"

Cheerfulness, kindliness of manner, and willingness to oblige—these are details of conduct which "like the small change in the intercourse of life are always in request."

After all there is but one way of getting sunshine into our hearts and homes.

> "Oh! not with gloomy brow severe,
> But clad in smiles of seraph birth;
> Religion comes to light and cheer,
> To sweeten and adorn the earth.
>
> And would you see where she abides?
> Go seek the brightest house you know,
> Where kind and generous thought presides,
> And strains of happy feeling flow.
>
> Where Honour shows the truest face,
> And Virtue wears the mildest air,
> And Duty moves with freest grace,
> Nor doubt that Christian Faith is there."

Religion, when it comes in reality into men's hearts, urges them to be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another even as they themselves feel that they have been forgiven. It teaches them the art of living for others so patiently and sweetly that they enjoy it as they do the sunshine. Kindness in looks and words and ways is the religious service that is most pleasing to Him who is kind even to the unthankful and evil. Also it is true politeness, and any one can have it if they only try to treat other people

as they like to be treated themselves. "The most solid comfort," says George Eliot, "one can fall back upon is the thought that the business of one's life is to help, in some small, nibbling way, to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation, and misery on the face of this beautiful earth."

Life has always been compared to a journey, and family life may be compared to people journeying in a carriage reserved for private use. How essential it is that each should have the qualities of a good traveller! There is a good deal to test the temper and bring out character in one's travels: there is often a competition of tastes and interests, and one has to learn to bear and forbear. The outward expression of the happy traveller is mainly that of graciousness—the most rare and engaging of human qualities. There is a healthy mental and moral play of faculties; there is a harmony with oneself and all surroundings, and with heaven; there are insight and sympathy and the law of kindness; there is the desire to invest each life thrown into contact with a portion of this happiness; there is the instinct to make the lightest of everything that is unfavourable.

On every trip you meet two classes of travellers. One is always complaining of the dust, the noise, the disagreeable people. When the weather has been very dry for a long time, and it at last changes, the grumbler being unable to complain of the rain, complains that it did not come sooner. Very different is the easily-pleased traveller. He cannot go half a dozen miles without meeting some agreeable companion or some interesting adventure, and if the weather is

not quite perfect he tells you cheerfully that "*any* weather is better than none." So it is, that however lovely nature may be around us, and however happy the circumstances of our lives ought to make us,

> "We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does nature live."

All depends on the attitude of our mind and heart. The pessimist believes that "it is better to stand than to walk; better to sit than to stand; better to lie down than to sit; better to sleep than to wake; better is a dreamless sleep than dreams; death is better than even a dreamless sleep; and never to have been is the best of all." Another man with less reason in the outward circumstances of his life, becomes an optimist. He takes a rose-water view of everything, believes that this is the best of all possible worlds, and returns daily thanks for his creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life.

> "Oh! don't the days seem lank and long
> When all goes right and nothing goes wrong?
> And isn't your life extremely flat
> When you've nothing whatever to grumble at?"

This question may be asked of the class of persons who are never happy without a grievance, who enjoy as luxuries their trifling or imaginary woes, who "lie like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way tormenting itself with its prickles." When Boswell was starting for a tour on the continent, in his sentimental way, he began to imagine whole hosts of possible miseries which might await him. While he was weaving his silly fancies, a moth fluttered into the flame

of the candle and was burned; upon which Dr. Johnson slily but gravely remarked, "That creature was its own tormentor, and I believe its name was Boswell." Next day the Doctor honoured his biographer by accompanying him as far as Harwich, where they dined at an inn by themselves. Boswell happened to say it would be "terrible" if his friend should be detained long in such a dull place. Johnson: "Don't, sir, accustom yourself to use big words for little matters. It would *not* be *terrible*, though I *were* to be detained some time here." Johnson hated sentimentalism as one of the sickliest of shams. "These," he would say, "are the distresses of sentiment, which a man who is really to be pitied has no leisure to feel. The sight of people who want food and raiment is so common in great cities, that a surly fellow like me has no compassion to spare for wounds given only to vanity or softness." Speaking of a lady who had been disappointed of an inheritance, some one remarked, "—— will *grieve* at her friend's disappointment." Said Johnson, "She will suffer as much perhaps as your horse did when your cow miscarried."

There are many good recipes for lowness of spirits. Here is one, "Take one ounce of the seeds of *Resolution*, properly mixed with the oil of *Good Conscience;* infuse into it a large spoonful of the *Salts of Patience;* distil very carefully a composing plant called '*Others' Woes*,' which you will find in every part of the Garden of Life, growing under the broad leaves of *Disguise;* add a small quantity; it will much assist the *Salts of Patience* in their operation. Gather a handful of the *Blossoms of Hope;* then sweeten them properly with

a Syrup, made of the *Balm of Providence;* and if you can get any of the seed of *True Friendship*, you will have the most valuable Medicine that can be administered. But you must be careful that you get the right seed of *True Friendship*, as there is a seed that very much resembles it, called *Self Interest*, which will spoil the whole composition.

"Make the ingredients up into pills, which may be called *Pills of Comfort.* Take one night and morning, and in a short time the cure will be completed."

When a storm arises, we look ahead for the clearer air and the brighter sky that will follow; and he who traces the same law in the storms of life has the clearest and truest mental vision. And when we fail to *trace* this law, we shall do well to *trust* it.

"All my life I still have found,
And I will forget it never,
Every sorrow hath its bound,
And no cross endures for ever.
After all the winter's snows
Comes sweet summer back again;
Joy is given for all our woes,
Patient souls ne'er wait in vain.
All things else have but their day,
God's love only lasts for aye!"

We know what was the Alderman's advice to his son in Leech's sketch. Mr. Gobble: "You see, Sam, you are a werry young man; and when I am took away (which, in the common course of ewents, can't be werry long fust), you will have a great deal of property. Now, I've only one piece of adwice to give you. It's this—and by all means act upon it:—Lay down plenty of port in your youth that you may

have a good bottle of wine in your old age." It requires something better than port wine to dispel the clouds that darken and sadden the old age of so many, and make it a period from which we shrink. During the sunny days of youth quite other instruction than that of the Alderman must be given and followed if those habits are to be formed which keep the soul healthy and the affections pure and fresh to the last. Let us compare St. Paul's advice with that of the Alderman, and ask ourselves which is more likely to give us a sunshiny old age—"Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess (riot), but be filled with the Spirit; speaking one to another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord." Some one said to one who had this sort of melody in his old age—"You are on the shady side of seventy, I expect?" "No," was the reply, "I am on the sunny side; for I am on the side nearest to glory."

Was it not a pretty thought, that of the gay young Southern girl dancing with a sort of ecstasy among the falling leaves, whose brilliancy she had never seen in her sea-coast home? To one near her, saddening over their fall, she said: "Just think how much more room it gives you to see the beautiful blue sky beyond!" Is it not true that, as our little joys and pleasures and earth's many lovely things fade and pass, they open spaces for us in which to see God's heaven beyond?

CHAPTER XXVI.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN PASSION.

"Oft in life's stillest shade reclining,
In desolation unrepining,
Meek souls there are, who little dream
Their daily strife an angel's theme,
Or that the rod they take so calm,
Shall prove in heaven a martyr's palm."—*Keble.*

VICTORIA CROSSES and other rewards are given for distinguished service in action; but is there not such a thing as distinguished service in passion or suffering, and does it not deserve even higher rewards? We are apt to forget that it requires often more courage to suffer well than to do well, and to disparage the first virtue because it especially belongs to the so-called "weaker sex." And yet we cannot but admire the patient continuance in well suffering of women. While many men, if they have a pain in their little finger, are in the highest degree impatient,

fragile women are sometimes the most exemplary of patients in the trials of mind, body, or estate. The way most persons accept misfortune is the greatest misfortune of all, while nothing is a misfortune if taken bravely and without murmuring. "Every time the sheep bleats it loses a mouthful, and every time we complain we miss a blessing."

Driving up Holborn Hill, a costermonger's donkey refused to go farther; so the man took the animal out of the shafts, and began pulling the cart up the hill. Some one asked why he did that. "Oh, I'm trying to shame 'im into it!" In the same way we ought to be shamed into bearing patiently our small trials, when we consider the pains which martyrs have endured, and think how even now many people are bearing affliction beyond all measure greater than ours. What is my trouble to that of those whose life is a continual death, without solace, or aid, or consolation?

Every day clergymen and doctors see people with cheerful submission enduring pain which amazes them that any poor human being can exist under its severity. In a certain miserable court, as I have been informed, there lives an old woman crippled and deformed in every joint by chronic rheumatism. Listen! she speaks of her gratitude. For what? Because, with the assistance of a knitting-needle and her thumb, the only joint that will move, she can turn over the leaves of her Bible. The homely words of another poor old woman showed that she understood the service of patience. She was brought in her old age to believe in Jesus as her Saviour. Ever ready to speak of Him, she was one who went about doing good; but in the midst

of her labours she caught cold, and was confined to bed. The clergyman came to see her, and said, "I little expected to find you so patient in bed, when you have always led such an active life. It must be a trial to lie there so long." "Not at all, sir," said Betty; "when I was well I used to hear the Lord say to me daily, 'Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this; Betty, do that;' and I did it as well as I could. Now it seems as if I hear Him say daily, 'Betty, lie still and cough.'" No wonder that Edward Denison, who worked so hard in the East End of London, used to speak of "the many proofs offered to every reflecting mind that the poor are blessed indeed, and that theirs is the kingdom of heaven. You never hear the poor complain of the weather; if you remark upon it they say, 'Well, it's as God sends it.' They take suffering and humiliation as their proper lot, and really look forward with hope and trust to the event from which the rich man recoils in horror."

What distinguished service in action more deserved a Victoria Cross than the service in suffering of Robert Hall, the great preacher, who, being afflicted with an acute disease which sometimes caused him to roll on the floor with agony, would rise therefrom, wiping from his brow the drops of sweat which the pain had caused, and, trembling from the conflict, ask, "But I did not complain—I did not cry out much, did I?"

At the end of a letter to a friend, Sydney Smith adds playfully, "I have gout, asthma, and seven other maladies, but am otherwise very well." On another occasion he writes:

"My dear Miss Martineau,—What an admirable provision of Providence is the gout! What prevents human beings from making the body a larder or a cellar but the gout? When I feel a pang, I say, 'I know what this is for; I know what you mean; I understand the hint!' and so I endeavour to extract a little wisdom from pain.

"Sydney Smith."

The biographical notices of the late Professor Fawcett were eagerly read, for we all admired the way he bore the terrible loss of sight, and found in that loss a gain to match. He never saw so well, it might almost be said, until he became blind, and few people who can see have led a more active life. Of course energy of character like this is rare, but all, whom affliction forces to retire from active life, may console themselves, as the poet Milton did on his blindness:

> "God doth not need
> Either man's work or His own gifts; who best
> Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
> Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
> And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
> They also serve who only stand and wait!"

Loss of estate is not to be compared with the loss of bodily or mental health; but it is hard to come down in the world, and few are able to distinguish themselves by bearing this sort of suffering in a righteous and graceful manner. I know, however, of one family that does so. The father was a rich man, but he speculated and lost almost everything. Thinking that his family could never accommodate them-

selves to altered circumstances, he allowed the money losses to prey upon his mind, and committed suicide. His widow and children did accommodate themselves to circumstances. They took a very small house, dismissed all servants except one, and now that the shock is passing away they are perhaps quite as happy, helping themselves and each other, as they were when surrounded by useless servants and all the luxuries that money could purchase. When Archbishop Leighton lost his patrimony by the failure of a merchant, he only said, "The little that was in Mr. E.'s hands hath failed me, but I shall either have no need of it, or be supplied in some other way." On his brother-in-law expressing surprise that he took the matter so easily, he answered, "If, when the Duke of Newcastle, after losing nineteen times as much of yearly income, can dance and sing, the solid hopes of Christianity will not support us, we had better be in the other world."

If we do not die soon, the trials of old age will be upon us. May we bear them as Miss Mitford, the authoress of "Our Village," did! "She retained her fine temper, her exquisite enjoyment of the simple commonplace pleasures of daily life, and her literary tastes and perceptions, with such a liveliness of spirit, and such a tenderness of heart, that it seemed as if time could not touch her, and that, notwithstanding her seventy years, she could not grow old. She took as keen an interest as ever in the new poet, the new painter, . . . the new flower."

Let us hope that there will be rewards in the shape of happy reunions in heaven for those who have borne with

Christian resignation the sad partings of earth. Guthrie, the father of the Scottish martyr, had the bloody head of his son brought to him, and was asked whether he knew it. He recognized it, and without murmuring said, "Good is the will of the Lord." The Rev. Mr. Glasse, of Perth, when he heard that a son whose return from a foreign country he had been expecting was murdered, received the awful intelligence with composure, and a few hours afterwards took the chair at a church meeting, remarking that it would be a glorious triumph of Divine grace if his son and his murderers should meet together in heaven.

All the world has heard of John Newton's romantic attachment to his wife—a love which had been one of the means under God of preventing him from being finally engulfed in the deep waters of profligacy. Yet, when, after a long union, she was taken from him, he prayed for special grace to support him, and received it. He was enabled to preach her funeral sermon from the text, "I will rejoice in the Lord." He also recorded that though she had never since her death been five minutes out of his thoughts, and though he felt that his right eye had been taken and his right hand cut off, and that though all the wealth of the Bank of England was unable to compensate him for her loss, yet he had not had one uncomfortable day or restless night since she left him, but was enabled to pursue his course of usefulness, looking forward to a happy reunion.

Sometimes the highest kind of courage consists in *not* striking a blow. A foolish young man who quarrelled with Sir Philip Sidney, and tried to provoke him to fight, went so

far as to spit in his face. "Young man," said Sir Philip, "if I could as easily wipe your blood from my conscience as I can wipe this insult from my face I would this moment take your life." This was the highest kind of manliness—the manliness of Him who, when reviled, reviled not again.

Nor are those whose service in passion is distinguished altogether without reward, or at least compensation, even in this life. "There is a joy in endurance greater than all the joys of indulgence. They mistake who think that the highest happiness lies in wishes accomplished, in prosperity, wealth, favour, and success. There has been a joy in dungeons and on racks passing the joy of harvest; a joy strange and solemn and mysterious even to its possessor; a white stone dropped from the signet ring of peace which the dying Saviour took from His bosom and bequeathed to those who endure the cross, despising the shame."

Perhaps nothing suggests sadder thoughts than a hospital for incurables, and yet we have good reasons for hoping that in the infinite scheme of things there has been provision made for the wretched inmates of such hospitals. Certainly, their sufferings are not entirely wasted when by assisting them the strong and rich become less hard of heart. And if we believe that the bodies of these incurables are vehicles which carry souls never destined to perish through the series of ages, then all their sufferings here would be more brief compared with eternity than is the cry of the new-born babe compared to the whole life of a man.

If the bodies, minds, and lives of many of us are more or less incurably marred in this life, let us look to the world to

come as hopefully as did Franklin when he wrote the following epitaph for himself: "The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms; yet the work itself shall not be lost, but it will (as he believed) appear once more, in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author."

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHAT IS RELIGION?

"They ask me for secrets of salvation: for myself I know no secrets but this—to love God with all our hearts, and our neighbour as ourselves."—*St. Francis de Sales.*

"I endeavour in vain to give my parishioners more cheerful ideas of religion; to teach them that God is not a jealous, childish, merciless tyrant; that He is best served by a regular tenour of good actions, not by bad singing, ill-composed prayers, and eternal apprehensions. But the luxury of false religion is, to be unhappy!"—*Sydney Smith.*

RELIGION is such a large subject that only one side of it can be seen at a time. We make this obvious remark in order that we may not be suspected of ignoring, in what we are going to say, the many other sides of religion that will suggest themselves to the reader's mind.

If people in general only knew what practical religion is, many more would strive to become possessors of this pearl

of great price. But no word is so wrongly used as religion. So many false things are called by this name that it is perhaps easier to say what is not than what is true religion. The first popular error to which we allude is that which associates religion almost exclusively with the contemplation of death. Certainly death is awful to all, as a sudden presence with the unseen, and as the crisis of probation for an eternal state. But there is one thing more awful than death, and that is—life. Death truly may be considered the least important passage in a man's life. All that is of future account has then been generally wound up. Death comes, even if not suddenly, at a time when men are past any trustworthy change of character; their habits too inveterate for any new turn in hours of weakness; their minds clouded; their thoughts more or less morbid, disturbed, uncollectable, or torpid; their wills and resolutions vague, uncertain, and incapable of test. And character, habit of mind, and tested will, are the only products of this probationary state having permanent consequence to anybody. It is, therefore, present life, and not the passage of death, that is most awful, because the eternal future is being wrought out in it.

Religion is required to ennoble and sanctify this present all-important life much more than as a mere *memento mori.* Though he walk through the valley of the shadow of death, religious faith can dispel from the Christian's mind fear of evil, but it can do even more than this, it can give a daily beauty to our lives. Nor is religion to be regarded as a special province, and as something distinct from instead

of wholly feeding on the ordinary affairs of life, as fire feeds on fuel. In this view all the interests, affections, and engagements of life are eyed askance as secularities, and religion is presented apart as a separate devotion, or the mere acceptance of an orthodox creed. But religion consists not in this or that employment, but in the spirit of all employments, and may be realized alike in every station. The difference is not in the occupation but in the spirit and the intention of the worker.

Does religious work consist only in performing devotions directly to God? Is a man religiously employed only when he is praying, listening to sermons, or reading what are called "good books"? Many persons have no wider conception of religion than this. It is thought that religion consists only in immediate thoughts of God, in immediate addresses to Him, in emotions called for by contemplation of Him. Certainly those who enter by faith into communion with the unseen world have joy unspeakable; but can this long be sustained? No; for this is not the ordinary state of even the most religious. Few, indeed, are constitutionally fitted for such sustained thought and feeling. The greater part, too, of life is necessarily devoted to other duties and engagements, to toils and relaxations, to what is called "the work of the week." This being the case, we must seek for a more practical definition of religious work. Shall we say that it means doing everything we do as unto God, and not unto ourselves, doing everything as if we felt that His all-seeing eye were, indeed, upon us? There ought to be absolutely no distinction between things re-

ligious and things secular; for the spirit of religion ought to sanctify every department of life. As it is, there is too much worldliness in religion, and not enough religion in the world. Would to God that we had as much of the spirit of religion in our social and business relations as some of us have of the spirit of selfishness and irreligion in our religion! The work that Christians have to do for God is nothing more nor less than the natural outgoing or influence of their lives—lives which, blotting out the distinction between things religious and secular, should make both one—all work religion, and all life worship. Such a view of religion gives interest to common existence, and urges us to pray that our Heavenly Father would give us the eye which can see Him in all, the hand which can serve Him with all, and the heart which can bless Him for all.

It is certainly not necessary for one who desires to be religious to adopt the mannerisms of thought and speech assumed by professedly "very good people." Religion is sometimes considered by such persons as a kind of preserve into which the profane foot of reason and science must not enter. They view many of the innocent amusements that brighten life with grudging acerbity. Busied with the salvation of their own souls, or in preparation for a world to come, they think it right to stand aloof from the actual battle of life. There is but too much truth in the caricatures of religionists of this type that are drawn by popular novelists. But a religious person need not be peculiar and eccentric unless, indeed, it be a peculiarity in this wicked world to try to avoid sin. We read that the

two demoniacs of Gadara thought that Jesus Christ had landed on the shore of their country "to torment them before the time," and it is to be feared that many people even now associate with His religion something of a prematurely tormenting character. These persons complain that religion torments by putting restraint upon their actions. But how is this a hardship, considering that every man, if he is to be a man at all, must control himself? He who does not do this sinks from being a man and becomes a brute. Did we not thus restrain ourselves we should be mastered by our passions, and these would, indeed, be tormentors. In comparison with this slavery to self, Christ's service is perfect freedom. Every pleasure and every business which a true man may take part in may be taken part in by a Christian. "All are yours," said St. Paul, as much as to say it is possible to use everything in this world without abusing it. Christ has not come to torment us by preventing our enjoyment of a single lawful pleasure, for a Christian may say, "I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none." Nor does Christ torment us by taking up all our time. We may be religious without time or leisure. It is no excuse, and shows a mistaken notion as to what religion is, to say, "Oh, I am a busy man, and have no time for religion." What time does it require to do everything to the glory of God? and that is true religion.

To be religious means to walk with God as did Enoch and Noah, to feel on each occasion the truth of the words, "Thou, God, seest me," to live a high level life. Fra Angelico, who commenced each work of art with prayer,

was religious, and so is every one else who tries, whether he eat or drink, or whatsoever he do, to do all to the glory of God. Those only are truly religious who mingle the Spirit of Christ as leaven in the lump of their pleasures and occupations until the whole is leavened. True religion is a life and set of principles rather than a collection of laws and rules. It is the power of Christ's endless life ennobling and sanctifying the daily round, the common task. The first and last business of religion is to inspire men and women with a desire to do their duty, and to show them what their duty is.

Certainly religion is something higher and more practical than "mere morality." Comparing morality to a steam-engine, religion is the steam that gives to it motive-power. The root of the matter is in those whose lives produce good fruit, and Christ's inspiring Spirit is this root. Without Him we can do nothing. According to the derivation of the word, religion is "that which binds one back from doing something"—wrong. And what is "that which binds us" but the cords of love whereby the believer's heart is drawn into union with his Redeemer, so that he loves what He loves, and hates what He hates?

During the battle of Inkerman a man in plain clothes was seen making his way to the front. An officer stopped him and said, "Where are you going? What do you want there? You are a civilian. Go back." Duty ordered him to the rear, but love carried him on. "I am Lord Raglan's servant," said he. "It is his luncheon-time. My master is not so young as he was; he cannot do without

his luncheon. I must be there." And through shot and shell he reached his master, and served him there—through love. Love is as steam; ay, better than steam. Steam goes *by* fire and water; love goes *through* fire and water. All the fire in the world will never consume it; all the floods of the earth will never quench or drown it.

If this be true as regards love to a fellow-creature, how much more does it apply to love to God and the Saviour as a principle of action!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"HOW DO YOU DO?"

"Run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?"—2 *Kings* iv. 26.

IT is written that we shall be justified or condemned by our words, and certainly the words and phrases that are the money or counters of social exchange frequently teach important lessons and enshrine the deepest truths. This is the case with the words we make use of in parting from friends and in meeting with them. What a beautiful word is Good-bye! Most people know that it is a corruption of God be with you. When parting from a friend we commend him to God (*à Dieu*, as the French say) by using the little word Good-bye, though we may not know or remember the significance of what we say. So, too, in the phrase, How do you do? which is used when

friends meet. May we not, and ought we not, to see a deeper meaning than that which is in the minds of many who use it? What, then, do we mean by How do you do? First of all, I suppose we mean to ask in what state is the bodily health of our friend. If this be so, we imply by the common question that health is the best kind of wealth or well-being; that people are very foolish in only valuing health when they lose it, and in not considering the care of it a most important duty. This may be learned every time we ask a friend, How do you do?

But health of body is not the only kind of health. However important it is to have a strong physical basis upon which to build happiness and success in life, it is even better to have mental, moral, and religious health. Ought we not, then, to include these kinds of health in the question, How do you do? How is your mind? Is it kept in health by being carefully exercised upon worthy objects, or are some of your best faculties allowed to rust from want of use? Then we must include morality in our idea of well-being, for all our actions influence our characters. What we do makes us what we are. That we ought not to leave good conduct out of our idea of health, is taught us even by language, for in the German language the old word for "holy" also means "healthy," and in our own "hale," "whole," and "holy" are from the same root. To be holy means to be healthy—all the parts of our nature completely obeying the laws of God in Nature. When we leave undone what we ought to do, and do what we ought not, there is no health in us.

The questions, Are you saved? and How is your soul? are sometimes asked at wrong times and in wrong places; but surely there is nothing about which a friend, if he is a real one, should be more concerned than the eternal welfare of his friend. It would, indeed, be inconsistent if, in asking a friend after his health, we only thought of those parts which last at most seventy years, and not at all of that part which is likest God within the soul, and which will never perish. Surely sometimes we should think of the eternal welfare of our friend as even the poet Burns did when he wrote these lines:

"The voice of Nature loudly cries,
And many a message from the skies,
That something in us never dies;
That on this frail, uncertain state
Hang matters of eternal weight;
That future life, in worlds unknown,
Must take its hue from this alone,
Whether as heavenly glory bright,
Or dark as misery's woful night.
Since, then, my honour'd first of friends,
On this poor being all depends,
Let us the important Now employ,
And live as those who never die."

We must not be selfish in our religion; we must think of the well-being of others as well as of our own. "Were you ready to die that you jumped into the stormy sea to save that child's life?" said a gentleman to an English sailor. "Should I have been better prepared, sir," the sailor answered, "if I had shirked my duty?" That was a noble answer of the philanthropist when asked if he was not

neglecting his soul when occupied with his schemes. "I have," he replied, "been so busy working for others that I have never had time to think whether I had a soul or not." This answer was in the spirit of Moses and of St. Paul, both of whom were willing to perish if by doing so they might procure the eternal welfare of others. As Noah and his family and the animals entered the ark, not singly, but "in two and two," so shall we either enter into heaven or be excluded, not by ourselves, but with others whom we have helped to save, or, as far as we could, have hindered from being saved. Husbands and wives, then, must sometimes think, if it be well with each other. "For how knowest thou, O wife! whether thou shalt save thy husband? or how knowest thou, O husband! whether thou shalt save thy wife?" Parents must take charge of the spiritual welfare of their children, so that in the great day of account they may be able to say: "Here am I with the children whom Thou hast given me."

But, although we ought to think of others as well as of ourselves, it is, nevertheless, true that the most important consideration in the world for each man is his own state before God. Is it well with me, and will it be well with me throughout eternity? How am I, not in body, nor in mind, nor in pocket, but in soul? Am I sorry for my sins, and have I gone to the Physician who alone can heal the wounds of sin? or have I always kept away from Him, and shut out from my heart the healthful Spirit of His grace? We may be sure that it cannot be well with us so long as we keep at a distance from the Fountain of all goodness,

the Source of all strength. He has made us for Himself, and we are only well when we rest in Him. "If the body of man is an ape, his soul is God, and he is the son of God. There is within him the torment of the ideal. The true man is ever restless and pressing forward in search of the higher and vaster truth. He asks for more than earth; he wants what the animal does not want—God."

To be really well means to have consciously taken Jesus Christ for our Saviour, and, being nourished by His grace, to daily endeavour to keep His commandments. At a meeting held by slaves in Virginia, one man stood up before his brethren and said, "Brethren, dis poor old body of mine, de bone and de blood, and de sinews and de muscles, they belong to my massa; my massa bought 'em in the market, and he paid a price for 'em, and my poor old body is the slave of Massa Carr; but, thank God! my soul is the free man of de Lord Jesus." It was well with this poor old man, slave though he were; but the same cannot be said of him who, being tied and bound with the chain of sin, does not know and does not believe in the only One who can break that chain.

When people are asked in the street by mere acquaintances how they are, they generally answer, "Pretty well," or, "Quite well," though at the time they may be anything but well. They may be suffering from some incurable disease. Their hearts may be on the point of breaking with some secret sorrow. He or she who was the light of their eyes may have been lost. They may have committed some great crime and may be afraid of its discovery. And

yet they answer, "Pretty well," or, "Quite well," and pass by with a forced smile, thus concealing the bitterness which is known only to their own hearts. One Friend, however, there is from whom we ought not even to attempt to conceal our sorrow. If we do, we are like a sufferer on the table of a surgeon, who should show his sound limbs and cover his hurts. "But let God cover thy hurts, and not thou; for if, ashamed, thou seekest to cover them, the Physician will not cure them. Let Him cover and cure them; for under the covering of the Physician the wound is healed, under the covering of the sufferer it is only concealed; and concealed from whom? from Him to whom all things are known." "Is it well with thee?" Oh, how well is he who "now laboureth to be such an one in his life as he wisheth to be found at the hour of his death"!

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE WISDOM OF THE FOOLISH.

"What your wisdoms could not discover,
These shallow fools have brought to light."
Shakespeare, "*Much Ado about Nothing.*"

IN all ages those who had themselves little experience of the power of religion have been disposed to explain it away in others by suggesting that it could be accounted for on the theory of madness.

There are many examples of this in the Bible. The first we take is from the life of the "Man of Sorrows." We read of our Lord's friends going out to lay hold of Him, for, said they, "He is beside Himself." And again, after one of those wonderful discourses that are recorded by St. John, we are told how "There was a division among the Jews again for these sayings, and many of them said, He

hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye Him?" Festus, astonished at the earnest words spoken by the prisoner before his judgment bar, fancied he had discovered the source of the apostle's enthusiasm when he cried out, "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning doth make thee mad." In reference to the gift of tongues, St. Paul asks the Corinthians whether plain men and unbelievers would not say, on entering an assembly where all were speaking with tongues, that they were mad. And when this was actually said of himself and his fellow Christians, he calmly replies, "Whether we be beside ourselves it is to God." "We are fools for Christ's sake, but ye are wise" (in your own estimation), he tells the Corinthians when he saw them puffed up with unchristian wisdom. Isaiah described the moral atmosphere of his day when he said, "He that departeth from evil maketh himself a prey"—or as it is in the margin—"is accounted mad." In those evil days a good man was preyed upon by the bad because he scorned to defend himself with their weapons, and the thanks he got for not doing so was to be considered "a fool," "unpractical," "not up to business," "soft"—"mad."

In our own day the same reproach is cast upon religion in one form or another. "Mere enthusiasm" it is called. "Oh, that way madness lies; let me shun that," we cry with poor old King Lear. If a young man refuse some appointment on conscientious grounds, his parents stare, speak of their "strange son," and form a decidedly lower opinion of his intellect. "Now don't you be a fool, just do as others do," is the sedative frequently prescribed for uneasiness of

conscience. Certain tricks are called "the way of business," and he who murmurs with childish ingenuousness "dishonest" is accounted a fool for his pains. General Gordon, and any one else who puts into practice the precepts of religion, are considered by many to be little less than lunatics. We are more nervous about (what is surely in the case of most of us a remote contingency) becoming immoderately religious than about anything else. We would have shares in religion, but they must be of strictly limited liability.

But to all this it may be retorted that in the Bible it is the irreligious who are called mad and foolish. In His parable our Lord tells us that the Prodigal Son only thought of his father's home when hunger had brought him to his senses. "And when he came to himself, he said, I will arise, and go to my Father." While living a riotous life he was really "beside himself." In another parable Jesus told His hearers the sentence pronounced against the man who, engrossed in eating, drinking, and money-making, had no higher aim. "But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." The apostle whom Festus called "mad" when speaking of the ancient Greeks, so proud of their cleverness, says that "professing themselves to be wise they became fools, because, knowing God, they did not glorify Him as God." And he asks the Corinthians, "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" and assures them that the preaching of "Christ crucified," though it might appear "foolishness" to luxurious Greeks who could not understand self-sacrifice,

was nothing less than the wisdom of God—that which revealed His wisdom.

Then, to turn to the Old Testament, Jeremiah speaks of madness as sent in punishment: "They shall drink (of the wine-cup of fury) and be moved and be mad." He tells the people that they are "mad upon their idols." We can understand this when we see how the idols of position, of money, of fashion, of appetite, turn people's heads, causing too many to fret and overwork themselves into lunatic asylums. And the same prophet says, that "the nations have drunk the cup of Babylon and are mad." How many of the rich drown their senses in the cup of London society each "season," and of working men not a few become the fools of publicans in the same modern Babylon! Hosea complains that in the Israel of his day "the prophet is a fool, the spiritual man mad," because he prophesied peace to a sinful generation. When King Saul in fury pursued David "as one doth hunt a partridge on the mountains," and when David, by sparing for the second time his life after finding him asleep in the wilderness, forces from him a fool's confession, it was given in these words, "I have played the fool, I have erred exceedingly."

In the language of Scripture, especially in the Book of Proverbs, fool is the usual character of the sinner, and folly and foolishness are put for sin. "A wise man feareth and departeth from evil; but the fool rageth and is confident." "A fool despiseth his father's instruction." "He that uttereth a slander is a fool." After speaking of the greatness of God's works, and the depth of His thoughts, the

Psalmist exclaims, "A brutish man knoweth not, neither doth a fool understand this." On the other hand, "the mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom." Having mentioned many hidden things that man has found out, Job asks this question, "But where shall wisdom be found?" and his answer is, "Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

We can now see that the poor patient who asked a gentleman, when visiting Bedlam, "Have you given God thanks for your senses to-day?" had more reason than those of us who neglect this thanksgiving. Indeed, it is every one's duty to ask the Divine Physician of mind as well as of soul and body, to keep him sane, and to carefully follow His prescriptions; especially at the present time, when, while pauperism is generally declining, insanity appears to be on the increase.

Now we say that the pure religion of Christ can make and keep people sane, who without it would be the reverse. To the intemperate threatened with *dipsomania*, whose own constitution is being ruined, and who is rearing in abject poverty children with characteristics like himself, little capable of bearing in after life arduous toil or protracted anxiety—to such an one the Gospel says, "You are a slave to the brute that is in you, because you will not become His servant whose service is perfect freedom. It was to take from you, Smith, Brown, Jones, or whatever your name may be, that devil's chain of drunkenness, that your Saviour died and rose again; and shall you not, by meditating on all He has done for you, be enabled for His sake, and for the

sake of your own sanity, not to mention your little ones at home, to raise yourself from the death of this sin, and live again unto righteousness?" Certainly every individual rescued from the slavery and degradation of lust, gambling, and drunkenness does something to break the entail of the physical and mental weakness which is the predisposing cause of idiocy and madness.

In old and populous communities the battle of life presses with a very heavy strain on all classes. Only the other day an advertisement for a door-keeper received nine hundred answers, so hard is it at the present time to get a living. And yet if we can say from our hearts, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want," we can also say with St. Paul, "None of these things move me." Over-anxiety would never make us mad if, believing that God careth for us, we would cast all our anxiety on Him. But no one becomes mad who only desires enough; it is greediness that maddens. When a man permits money-making to be his ruling passion, and the barometer of his emotions rises and falls with the changes of business, it is not wonderful that his mental balance should be endangered by any sudden storm of financial trial. The only cure for such a man is to believe St. Paul's assurance that "Godliness with contentment is great gain," since we really ought to want nothing more than food and shelter, considering that we brought nothing into this world and can carry nothing out.

This subject ought to make us more charitable, for the more we study cases of insanity the more we see the intimate connection that exists between body and spirit. A man's

moral nature may become impaired by an attack of sickness or by an accident. What seems to us great wickedness in another may be ill-health or insanity, partial or complete, temporary or chronic. We see people fall into violent passions, especially little children. Now a violent passion or fit of obstinacy may be caused by a temporary congestion of the brain. The consequence of beating a child for this is that the brain, which was already for some cause or other filled with blood, becomes more crowded still. It is hardly ever right to beat a child when in a fit of passion. You will do more with a little one of three or four years of age by management. Take him on your knee and say, "My dear child, you are not well; but when you give me a smile I shall give you a kiss in return."

We may remember reading some years ago in the newspapers of a dignitary of the church, who was both a good and a learned man, having committed suicide in a fit of temporary insanity. Sad and strange as it may appear, the fit was caused by nothing greater than a cold. On a Tuesday the bishop had been at a religious ceremony in the open air and caught a chill which produced congestion of the lungs, and on Friday evening he became delirious. But there was no serious apprehension, for he was left alone on Saturday morning. Thus left, he locked the door and wounded himself fatally. When the door was burst open, and his wife and others stood appalled at the ghastly scene, he beckoned mournfully for writing materials, and when a pencil and paper were given to him he could write but one word, *mad!* We learn from this that it is our duty to take care

of the health of our bodies, for the loss of it may cause our sorrowing friends to see "that noble and sovereign reason, like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh." Our mental and even spiritual maladies are often occasioned by some very slight bodily ailment. You must regulate your diet, and otherwise obey nature. Take rest and change the air if you can. Many a time the whole emotional atmosphere which has got wrong gets righted by a good walk. Don't go on wrangling with your wife; go out and change the scene, and you will come back with a sweet temper ready to forget and forgive.

Madness means an unbalanced state of mind. A mind exaggerates things which ought not to have any importance —a word, a look, anything rankles. The religion of Christ has power to change all this. "Let your moderation (sweet reasonableness) be known unto all men," says St. Paul to the Philippians. Let a man pray for power to know and to obey those laws of health which our Father in heaven has appointed in order that His children might have sound minds in sound bodies; let him do this, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep (as a protecting garrison) his heart and mind through Christ Jesus.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE WISE MAN'S CONCLUSION.

"I believe that it is not good for man to live among what is most beautiful; that he is a creature incapable of satisfaction by anything upon earth; and that to allow him habitually to possess, in any kind whatsoever, the utmost that earth can give, is the surest way to cast him into lassitude or discontent."—*Ruskin.*

"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep His commandments."—*Ecclesiastes* xii. 13.

WE cannot but fall into great error if we attempt to build up systems of religion and morality from a few chapters or verses of the Bible. When that book is put on the rack, and quoted unfairly, it may be made to say anything. Even the atheist has Scripture authority for his negation in Psalm xiv. 1, "There is no God," if he will only suppress the preceding words, "The fool hath said in his heart." It is the spirit of God's Word taken as a whole, not a few texts

torn from their context, that makes us "wise unto salvation."

But however true this is of other books of the Bible, it is especially true of the Book of Ecclesiastes. In this portion of God's Word there are verses that might be used by an unfair disputant to justify both licentiousness and irreligion. The reason is plain. The Book of Ecclesiastes is the record of a man's experience of life. In it the royal preacher, or whoever the writer was, has jotted down all that he did and all that he felt. Bad doings and feelings are put down with honest simplicity—not so in modern biographies or even in autobiographies—as well as good ones; so that we must not stop at single chapters, much less verses, but read the book through and judge of it as a whole.

The Book of Ecclesiastes narrates Solomon's quest or search after the chief good for man—after that one thing wherein his highest happiness consists. It is the log-book, so to speak, of a stout mariner, who, smiting the sounding furrows, struggled hard to touch with his bark of life "the Happy Isles."

In all ages and countries thoughtful men have speculated much about the chief good or greatest happiness of man—the end he should propose to himself all his life long. An ancient writer tells us that in his day there were two hundred and eighty-five *summa bona*, or chief goods, each of which was advocated by different schools of philosophers.

Solomon devoted himself to this quest after the best thing for man. He endeavoured to find the key to happiness by experiencing every kind of life. He would believe

no hearsays about pleasure, but would woo her for himself. Like Tennyson's Ulysses, he said to himself:

> "I will drink
> Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
> Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
> That loved me, and alone. . . .
> Yet all experience is an arch where thro'
> Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
> For ever and for ever when I move.
> How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
> To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
> As tho' to breathe was life. Life piled on life
> Were all too little: but every hour is saved
> From that eternal silence, something more,
> A bringer of new things; and vile it were
> To store and hoard myself yearning in desire
> To follow knowledge like a sinking star
> Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.
> * * * *
> It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles."

And well was Solomon equipped for his voyage of discovery. He was a great king, therefore he could know from experience whether the lot of princes was necessarily a happy one, or whether without one distress they might not become sick of themselves through very selfishness. He was a man of talent, and could appreciate intellectual pleasure. Can light without warmth, can knowledge without love, satisfy? He would try. "For woman's love it is known to be a lovely and a fearful thing." He would practically examine the aphorism. He would adopt the *rôle* of useful king and useless sensualist, of wise observer and of foolish bookworm. He would "see the thing out," he

would even wait after the play, for might not his very disgust at the puerile farce to follow teach him wisdom?

Now, if a man like this cannot extract lasting happiness from perishable things *under the sun*—these words are the key-note of the book—no one can, "for what can the man do that cometh after the king?" Must not Solomon, who has "done," so to speak, all kinds of life, who has been a king, a public benefactor, a millionaire, a sensualist, and lastly, a religious man, be trusted when he speaks to us? Is not his conclusion of the whole matter to be attended to? And what is his conclusion? That the imperishable spiritual nature of man cannot be satisfied with what is transitory and vanishing, that all things under the sun are of this nature, and are therefore "vanity of vanities, all vanity." Forget the Creator in the creature, think only of pleasing self, and the deeper your nature is, the sooner and more bitterly will you cry with the Lotus-Eaters:

> "Hateful is the dark-blue sky
> Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
> Death is the end of life; ah, why
> Should life all labour be?
> Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
> And in a little while our lips are dumb.
> Let us alone. What is it that will last?
> All things are taken from us, and become
> Portions and parcels of the dreadful past."

God has made us for Himself, and we cannot rest except in Him. All things under the sun must appear vanity of vanities or emptiness of emptiness—"hollow" as the *blasé* used-up man now calls them—when we attempt to quench

with anything less than the highest good, the highest truth, and the highest beauty, souls "athirst for God, yea, even for the living God." The preacher, not without bitter experience, came to the conclusion, that the chief good, indeed the only good, for man is to fear God and to keep His commandments.

There are four things in which inexperienced people believe man's highest happiness to consist. These are knowledge, pleasure, ambition, riches. Does any one of these or all of them together completely satisfy? From personal experience Solomon could answer, "No! the immortal soul of man soars above them all. Like Noah's dove, she can find no rest for the sole of her foot on anything under the sun."

Let us listen to the preacher's words in reference to these four supposed sources of complete happiness. He speaks thus of *knowledge:*

"I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and have gotten more wisdom than all they that have been before me in Jerusalem: yea, my heart had great experience of wisdom and knowledge. And I gave my heart to know wisdom, and to know madness and folly: I perceived that this also is vexation of spirit. For in much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." Knowledge cannot satisfy us, for the more we know the more we find there is to be known. In the valley of ignorance we see little; but once ascend the mountain of science, and from its summit you get an endless prospect of things past finding out. This was the meaning

of Newton's words, that, "he was like a little child gathering shells on the shore of the great ocean of being." Knowledge again suggests far more doubts than it satisfies. It humbles us, too, for the man who knows anything knows that this world and all the concerns of man are, when compared with the universe of other worlds, no greater than are the little ants and the burdens they carry, when compared with ourselves and those belongings of ours about which there is so much "fretful stir unprofitable."

On finding that in his case the increase of knowledge was the increase of sorrow, we can imagine Solomon speaking thus to himself: "Away with this dry light, these musty books. Let me enjoy pleasure; there is a time to be merry as well as to be wise. I'm not going to be a bookworm. Weary of being a pedant, I shall try the life of a sensualist." Here is his experience as a man of pleasure: "I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure; and, behold, this also is vanity. I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it?" Yet he was not a stupid sensualist. He avoided the mistake of crowding the pleasure of a life-time into one short summer, to be followed by many winters of discontent. He endeavoured to mix reason with pleasure—to be wisely self-indulgent. He was not going to make his nerves thrill until they were shattered. He would sip the cup of enjoyment and would not choke himself with greedy gulping. He would be a moderate drinker, and would moderate all his pleasures generally. "I sought in mine heart to give myself unto wine, yet acquainting mine heart with wisdom, and to

lay hold on folly, till I might see what was that good for the sons of men, which they should do under the heaven all the days of their life." But even this prudence, which preferred to have pleasure long rather than strong—even this alliance between gaiety and wisdom was also found to be vanity. Solomon learned that "a man of pleasure is a man of pains." He could understand the Cabinet Minister, who, thinking of the satiety and labour of pleasure, said, "that life would be tolerable but for its pleasures," or the poet whose experience it was that—

> "Pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed,
> Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
> A moment white, then melts for ever."

Solomon had made the discovery that the soul of man cannot be sustained on the husks of mere pleasure; but what if ambition, that "last infirmity of noble minds," with its scorn of delights and laborious days—what if this be the source of man's highest happiness? Power over others—power to make your will law—that, if anything, must surely be happiness. Hear the wise man's experience: "Better is a handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit. Better is a poor and a wise child than an old and foolish king who will no more be admonished." Those in high position have greater responsibility than those who are in humble life. They must needs be very anxious. The sleep of the labouring man is sweet, but "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The fourth recipe Solomon tried was riches. Could money buy from him his "divine discontent"? "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase: this is also vanity. When goods increase, they are increased that eat them: and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?" The *Silas Marners* of the world are far from being happy. The more money a man has the more he wants. Nor does the rich man really enjoy more than he who has enough. Crœsus has not two mouths, so as to eat two dinners at once. He cannot drive in two carriages at the same time. When a man's riches increase he is troubled and devoured with parasites. The luxuries on his table undermine his health, or his money may lead him to ruinous gambling. Is he of a saving nature? Then his son will probably dissipate his beloved guineas, flinging them over the publican's counter or dashing them into the laps of harlots.

Was it any wonder that Solomon, after all these experiences, should come to the conclusion that man only becomes happy when, ceasing to think of self, his one desire is to serve God? We only become happy when we are willing to pass happiness by, when we can lose ourselves in some glorious aim. We must be miserable when self rather than God is the centre of our world. Empty yourself of self, and God will fill you. Empty yourself of God, and then you will lose your life by trying to save it.

The moral of the Book of Ecclesiastes appears to be this: that selfishness is a great mistake, and produces no fruit of

real happiness—emptiness of emptiness, nothing but emptiness within the soul! And does not a greater than Solomon assure us that "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life"?

"Oh, if I were ever lucky enough to call this estate mine, I should be a happy fellow," said a young man. "And then?" said a friend. "And then?" "Why, then I'd pull down the old house and build a palace, have lots of prime fellows round me, keep the best wines and the finest horses and dogs in the country." "And then?" "Why then, I'd hunt, and ride, and smoke, and drink, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life gloriously." "And then?" "Why, then I suppose, like other people, I shall grow old and not care so much for these things." "And then?" "Why, then I suppose, in the course of nature, I shall leave all these pleasant things—and—well, yes—die!" "And then?" "Oh, bother your 'thens'! I must be off." Many years afterwards the friend was accosted with, "God bless you, I owe my happiness to you!" "How?" "By two words spoken in season long ago—'And then?'"

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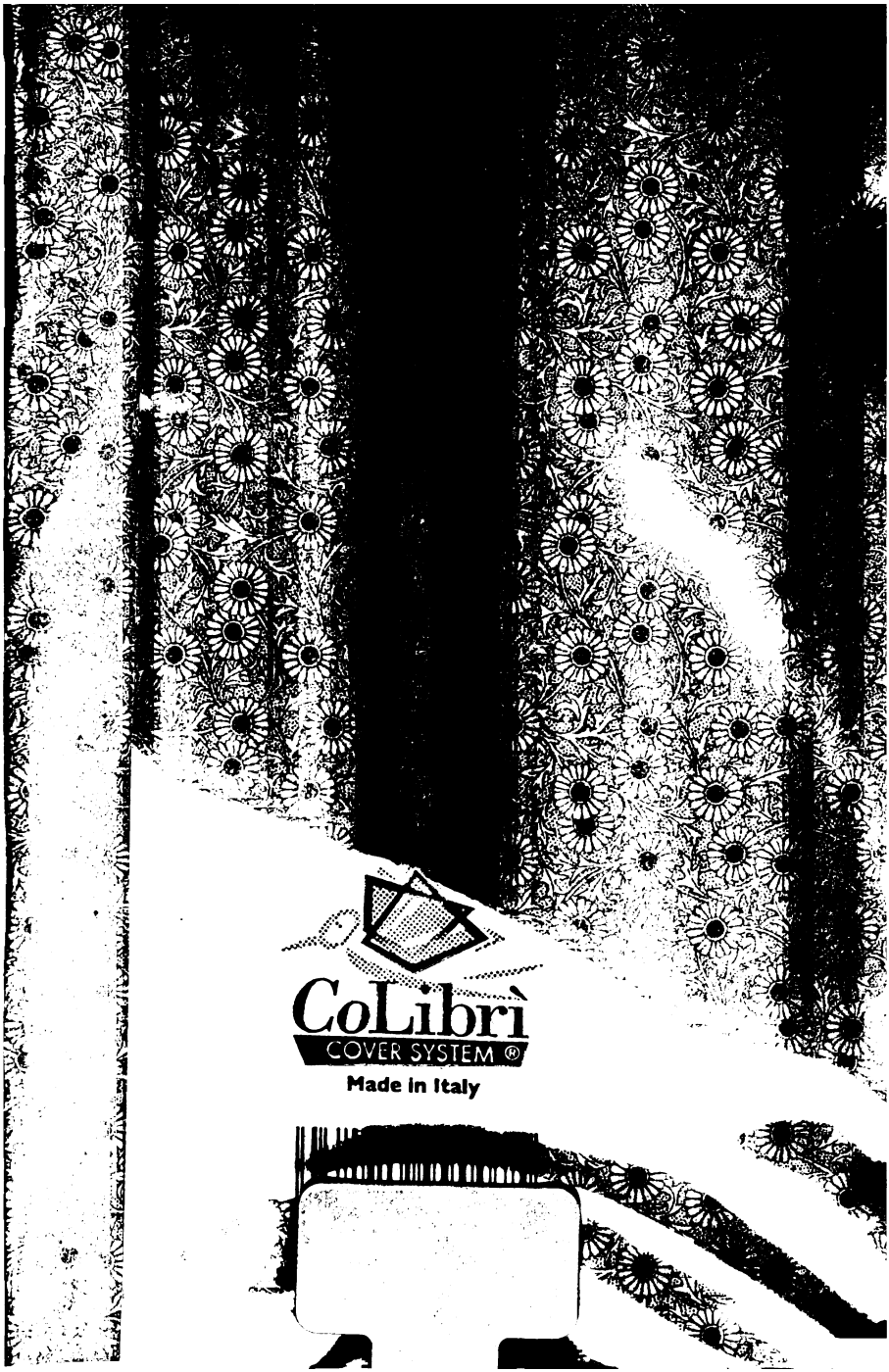
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